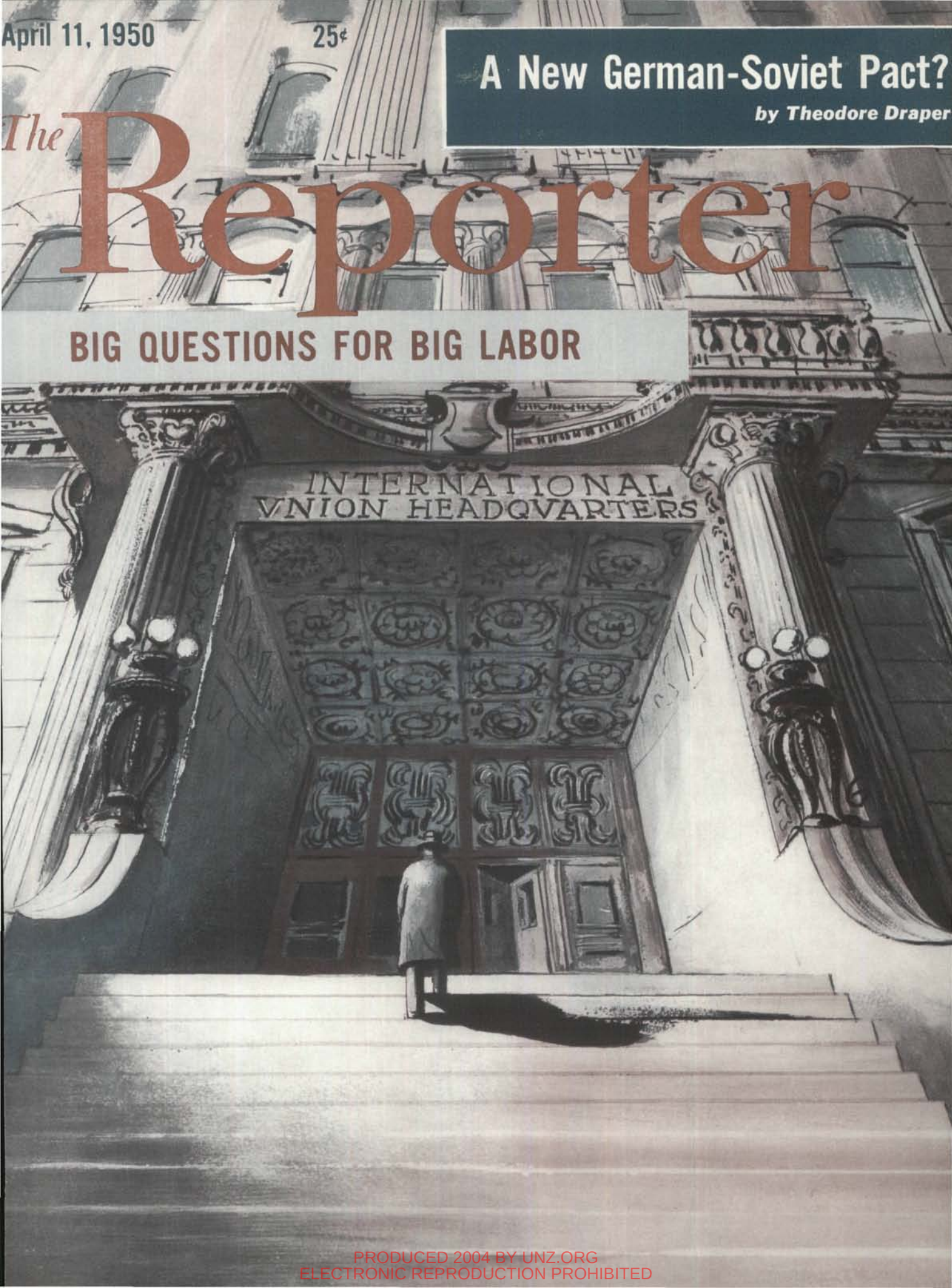
April 11, 1950 25¢

A New German-Soviet Pact?

by Theodore Draper

The Reporter

BIG QUESTIONS FOR BIG LABOR



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Walter Reuther—1937

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The Reporter's Notes

The Indo-China Gamble

Since the war the United States has had to intervene in the affairs of foreign countries where conflicts have developed that could have sparked a new international conflagration. We have had a series of gambles, all risky, costly, and unpleasant—for our government could not help intervening and had no choice as to which side it was going to back.

We gambled in Iran, in Greece, in Turkey, in Indonesia. We lost without gambling in China, for it would have been folly to go on supporting the Kuomintang—and absurd to back the Communists. Now, once more with no alternative, we are supporting the Bao Dai government in Indo-China. It is probably one of the most reckless gambles we have ever had to take. The available reports on Indo-China are, to say the least, contradictory.

Fortunately, in a short time, we have acquired so much experience in this kind of venture that we ought to know how the game should be played, if only we have a chance. We must first of all give every possible support to the struggle of all the Asian peoples to organize themselves into viable, secure states. They have the right to become members—not outlaws—in the international community. Sometimes, as was the case with the Dutch in Indonesia, we must act firmly with some of our European allies and convince them that the age of big-league or bush-league imperialism is definitely over. We might help them when their national prestige or their internal order is endangered, but only if they try to extricate themselves from the troubles they have got into because of their own pigheadedness. With the Dutch, we had some luck. Are we going to be equally forceful and equally lucky with the French?

We should avoid looking at the nationalism of other nations with a sort of curious but widespread racial bias: the assumption that nationalism is a vice for white nations and a virtue for the colored ones. When we call De Gaulle a nationalist we imply, of course, that he is no good; but if Ho Chi Minh claims to be a nationalist—Oh, well!

In Indo-China we have had to make a loathsome choice. His former Imperial Majesty, Bao Dai, is by no means a savory character. But if our representatives make Indo-Chinese autonomy the condition for our aid, both the French and the Indo-Chinese people will be the gainers. Bao Dai might gain, too, and go back to the Hong Kong cabarets.

The Manhunt

Do you want to go along with the best people and get in on a manhunt, with complete immunity? Then you'd better hurry, for the whole thing may be over before you know it. There is already a smell of blood in the air. Come out and throw something at Acheson, or just yell that he is an Englishman at heart, an aristocrat who has no feeling for America, the friend of Alger Hiss, the one obstacle to an understanding with Russia and peace in the world. Who does he think he is, anyway, with his well-tailored clothes, his stiff bearing, his funny mustache? He is an actor, and a poor actor at that. He is bloodless, heartless, gutless.

A Yale Law School professor, writing in the *American Mercury,* quotes a lawyer who had many encounters with Acheson before the Supreme Court: "All you had to do was kick him in the groin, intellectually of course, and he was lost." This is the thing to do: Kick him in the groin. Intellectually of course. This lynching party is on a high intellectual and moral level.

There never has been a united front like this in our country before—Communists, editors of *Life,* red-baiters, fellow travelers, Republicans and Democrats, journalists and public-relations counsels, all shoulder to shoulder. Perhaps it comes from a deep, uncontrollable urge. Perhaps the nation has abandoned isolationism, but there are still powerful elements that abhor the men who through trial and error acquire some mastery of international affairs. Seven years ago, Sumner Welles, guilty of having reached the level of international statesmanship, was forcibly retired from public life. Now, if the mob gets its way, it's Acheson's turn.

The Loyalty Files

There must be huge archives in Moscow where the data on those Americans, Communists and anti-Communists, whose actions may affect Russia are duly filed away. There is a folder there with the name: Joseph R. McCarthy, Republican Senator from Wisconsin. The functionary in charge has it on his desk. He opens it: It is empty, not a thing inside. Then he turns his eyes on the huge file of clippings that have poured in recently. He feels like a million rubles. We scarcely knew this man existed, he thinks. And now just look. What a windfall!

That functionary, however, might get into trouble any day for dangerous thoughts that might easily have entered his mind: that freedom is wonderful—for an enemy country—and that some of the best things that happen to Russia are not the result of *Politburo* planning.

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Correspondence

Velikovsky Controversy: Larrabee Rebuts

To the Editor: Dr. Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin, who excoriated me for a number of "basic errors" in the March 14 number of *The Reporter,* suffers unavoidably from not having read the book she believes to be a "sloppy parade of jargon." Her statements of fact, with one exception, are either irrelevant or inexact.

She elaborates at length on the conflicts between Newtonian physical theory and a reconstruction of historical events put forward in good faith by Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky. Since Dr. Velikovsky analyzes this conflict in his book, her insistence on it is less an attack than a redundancy, especially since she has neither read his discussion of gravitational theory nor, so far as I am aware, consulted the physicists and astronomers who have read it. I do not doubt that when she has read *Worlds in Collision* she will be able to bring her astronomical competence to bear with great effectiveness, but so far she has demolished nothing but a journalist's condensation of a formidably documented argument.

Her excursions into non-scientific fields, on the other hand, are defaced by inadequate preparation. For example, the so-called Venus Tablets of Ammizaduga are *not* dated irrefutably by the authorities she names (Dr. Velikovsky lists five opinions, devoting more than two pages to a question she dismisses in a paragraph.) Sarton supposes, and she echoes him, that the observations contained in the tablet are accurate in relation to present calculations. This is disputed by Langdon and Fotheringham, though she quotes them as though it were not.

Similarly, the Biblical accounts of the destruction of Sennacherib's army mention not only an "angel of the Lord" but a "blast," and further Hebrew sources are even more specific. Her speculations about the participation of a deity are entirely her own, warranted neither by my article nor by Dr. Velikovsky's book, and her supposition that the purpose of the book is to demonstrate the literal truth of the Bible shows a misreading of the only material in print at the time she wrote.

"Even an astronomer," she remarks with sarcasm, "can note that a celebrated passage of Ovid is ascribed to Hesiod." The passage is in Hesiod's *Theogony.*

Dr. Payne-Gaposchkin is correct in accusing me of confusing the law of gravitation and Newton's first law of motion, but I wonder how this can make her confident, on the basis of an eight-page summary obviously written by a non-scientist, to criticize in advance a book of over four hundred pages written by a man whose knowledge in many fields is greater than her own.

ERIC LARRABEE
New York City

Payne-Gaposchkin Stands

To the Editor: I have obtained an advance copy of *Worlds in Collision,* have spent the weekend in reading it, and should like to report to you that my opinion of the "theory" is in no way modified by having done so. The book is better written and more fully documented than the popularizing previews, but is just as wrong.

The facts that make Dr. Velikovsky's ideas untenable are: the weight, size, and rotational speed of the earth; the weights of Venus and Mars, and the sizes and shapes of their orbits; the chemical composition of the atmosphere of Jupiter, Venus, and the tails of comets; the observed uniformity of astronomical phenomena for several millenia; and the uninterrupted geological and biological records.

I *have* read Dr. Velikovsky's "discussion of gravitational theory," which he set forth several years ago in a pamphlet entitled "Cosmos without Gravitation." I find it completely unconvincing; it could be answered point by point, but the answer would necessarily be long and technical.

From a great number of possible references concerning early observations of Venus, I selected one *general* statement of Sarton that the observations are of early date, and one *specific* and convincing early dating from Langdon and Fotheringham. There is nothing inconsistent in these two statements. Langdon and Fotheringham *use* the tablets "in relation to present calculations," thus arriving at the dating.

The Biblical accounts of the destruction of the army of Sennacherib do not mention a "blast" (II Kings, xix, 35; II Chron., xxxii, 21; Isaiah, xxxvii, 36). This was the statement I made and it is correct. I was not referring to later embroideries on the original story. A "blast" *is* mentioned in a *prophecy* made by Isaiah *before* the event. I am informed by a Hebrew scholar that the original word means "wind" or "spirit," certainly not "fire."

The story that "Phaethon . . . drove the chariot of the sun too close to the earth, disturbing its rotation, and was later changed into the Morning Star" (see the *Harper's* article) does not occur in the *Theogony,* or anywhere else in Hesiod. A Phaethon is mentioned in Hesiod, but not in connection with any such story.

CECILIA PAYNE-GAPOSCHKIN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Contributors

Frank Tannenbaum is an economist and historian who has long had a special interest in labor. He is now a professor of Latin American History at Columbia. . . . Among the best known of Charles Yale Harrison's many books are *Generals Die in Bed* and a biography of Clarence Darrow. Harrison worked for Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., the subject of his present article, for several years. . . . Theodore Draper is a historian who has contributed frequently to *The Reporter.* . . . Robert P. Martin has been a correspondent in the Far East since 1938, first with the United Press and now with the Overseas News Agency. . . . Samuel G. Welles is a magazine writer who returned late last year from an assignment in Southeast Asia. . . . Harold R. Isaacs, a former editor of *Newsweek,* has also specialized in Asian affairs. . . . Lt. Col. William R. Kintner is an instructor at the Army's Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and a regular contributor to military journals. . . . David W. Maurer, Professor of English at the University of Louisville, and Quinn Pearl, a writer, are preparing a book on the moonshine industry. . . . Thomas Whiteside is a free-lance writer who has contributed to *Collier's* and *Holiday.* . . . Lewis Galantière is well known to readers of *The Reporter.* . . . Cover by Arthur Getz; photographs from Wide World.

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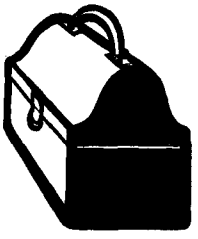
The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

April 11, 1950 Volume 2, No. 8

Big Questions for Big Labor



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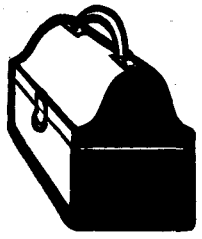
Editorial

Labor's Counterrevolution



With all the talk of revolution—of colonial peoples, the proletariat, or the middle class—we are inclined to forget that there has been only one revolution in modern times: the Industrial Revolution. Monotheism gave us the idea of one world, inhabited by children of one God. Industrialism made this one world a measurable reality, of which accountants, as well as divines, can furnish the evidence.

The essay that Frank Tannenbaum has written for this issue of *The Reporter* tells us that a counterrevolution is going on in the world—the counterrevolution of labor. The upsurge of organized labor is not destined to put the clock back to the pre-industrial era, but rather to make the productive power that industrialism has released a force for social stability. Men and women cannot be satisfied if they are only units of production and consumption, infinitesimal particles of a productive process of which they have little or no conception. They need to have a sense of what they are doing, and to emerge from the drabness of what they are doing. They need to belong, and in the trade union they have found the institution that gives them a sense of belonging. It is the functional equivalent of what the township used to be—the sphere of political experience closest to men's immediate interests and associations.

The most important new political movements in our time, Communism and fascism, are designed to exploit, each in its own way, the workers' reaction to the Industrial Revolution. Both of them find the most propitious ground for their growth in the organizations of the workers. Both of them —the Dictatorship of the Proletariat and the Corporative State—pretend to be the New City of Labor.

Communism traps the workers in their jobs and multiplies the discipline of modern technology with the ruthlessness of the one-party machine. In the countries they control, the Communists—these technocrats of industrial and political power—accelerate with mad fury the process of industrial revolution and its crushing impact on the human being.

Fascism, by more devious means, seems to offer equal satisfaction to the workers' needs and to the capitalists' will to survive. The self-appointed leaders who monopolize politics in a fascist country set themselves up as monopolistic fixers between capital and labor. They give the workers labor charters, improved conditions, pensions, and paid vacations. They turn business enterprise into kept capitalism.

In the United States the labor movement has been characterized, not by class consciousness, but, as Selig Perlman has put it, by job consciousness. For decades, it kept plodding after one goal, following a long, and at times a bloody, course: job protection through union recognition and collective bargaining to win shorter hours and higher wages. Job protection has been the one goal that American labor has undeviatingly pursued.

In our day American labor has reached it. This is an irreversible fact. Now it is moving toward other goals—pensions, yearly wages, company-financed systems of social insurance. It is using all its weight to gain a share of control over the political and economic factors that affect the worker's job.

American labor is entering into the sinews of American business and politics with all the strength of its mass membership, political prestige, and slowly piled-up wealth. It is not the poor relative of the private-enterprise system, and it does not consider itself the vanguard of any revolution to come. Its power is constantly increasing. So is its responsibility.

At the present time, American labor can permeate and strengthen the political and business structure of the nation, or it can move along, ingrown and fat, driven by no other desire than to gain as many privileges as the traffic will bear. Labor's counterrevolution can keep the Industrial Revolution going and soften its impact on the workers —or it can be a plain reactionary return to a feudal order.

American labor, like American democracy, has till now been driven by stubborn, purposeful instincts. Now the time has come for American labor to reason out what it wants and where it wants to go, for it is no longer the creditor of the nation, but a major power in the nation. Instinctively, it has shunned the anti-democratic isms, but, at least in many unions, it has been too busy worrying about job security to afford the leisure of learning and practicing democracy.

Now, however, many countries in the outside world have started looking with amazement at the strange, tough, unideological American labor movement. Even liberals no longer think that it is backward. For without upsetting the political and business structure of the American community, the unions have brought the workers well inside it, with a decisive power of their own.

There are more new political institutions in our country than we know. Last issue, *The Reporter* singled out the Region. This time, we single out the Labor Union—the institution that allows the workers to take care of their own interests and to assume the full responsibilities of their citizenship.

—Max Ascoli

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Unions in 1950: Not Bread Alone

Labor is slowly creating a new, conservative society of 'status'

This article by Dr. Frank Tannenbaum of Columbia University is based on his forthcoming book, A Philosophy of Labor.

The trade union is the conservative force of our time. It is conservative because, while endlessly bargaining, compromising, and battling for more pay, it is pushing to restore certain old values—self-respect, fellowship, and security—that men need in their work. These values were largely lost after the Industrial Revolution flung labor from field to factory, replaced the village with the city, and the master craftsman with the modern corporation.

Big industrialism can offer bread, or at best cake, but it has proved inadequate to meet the ethical and moral needs of men; the union, with all of its faults, may yet save the corporation, and the efficiency that goes with it.

The unions are building their own natural "society," their own cohesive labor force, which endows its members with a sense that they count, that they will be helped by their fellows in times of hardship. All real societies have possessed these values—values that give some ethical substance to man on his journey from the cradle to the grave. From this point of view, the challenge to management by the trade union is salutary and hopeful. It is the route—perhaps the only one—for saving our democratic society, and our contemporary industrial system as well. In some way, labor must achieve a genuine partnership with management and share more and more responsibility with it.

For the union is not an instrument against society; it is an additional way of organizing society, not merely as to its labor, but in all of its other forms. When a trade-union movement comes into being, the politics, the economy, the family, the morals, the status of men among men, the motivations and the ends, the very means of survival as we have formerly known them are modified.

The change that the trade union is making in the structure and spirit of our industrial community is worldwide in scope. Of course differences, and important ones, exist from country to country, but they are outweighed by similarities that are growing more visible every day.

What the change amounts to is a new pattern of industrial relations, which can be recognized as readily as the corporation, the trust, or the cartel. Its hallmark is the use of collective bargaining as the immediate instrumentality for easing the frictions, and adjusting the day-by-day differences, between labor and management. The end of this process is not industrial quietude; that is not to be had. But labor and management can achieve an acceptable way of dealing with the inevitable friction. The objective is a

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system of rules for resolving the differences that arise a thousand times a day in any concern. The object is to make strikes unnecessary by keeping the friction within a body of "common law" to which both sides subscribe.

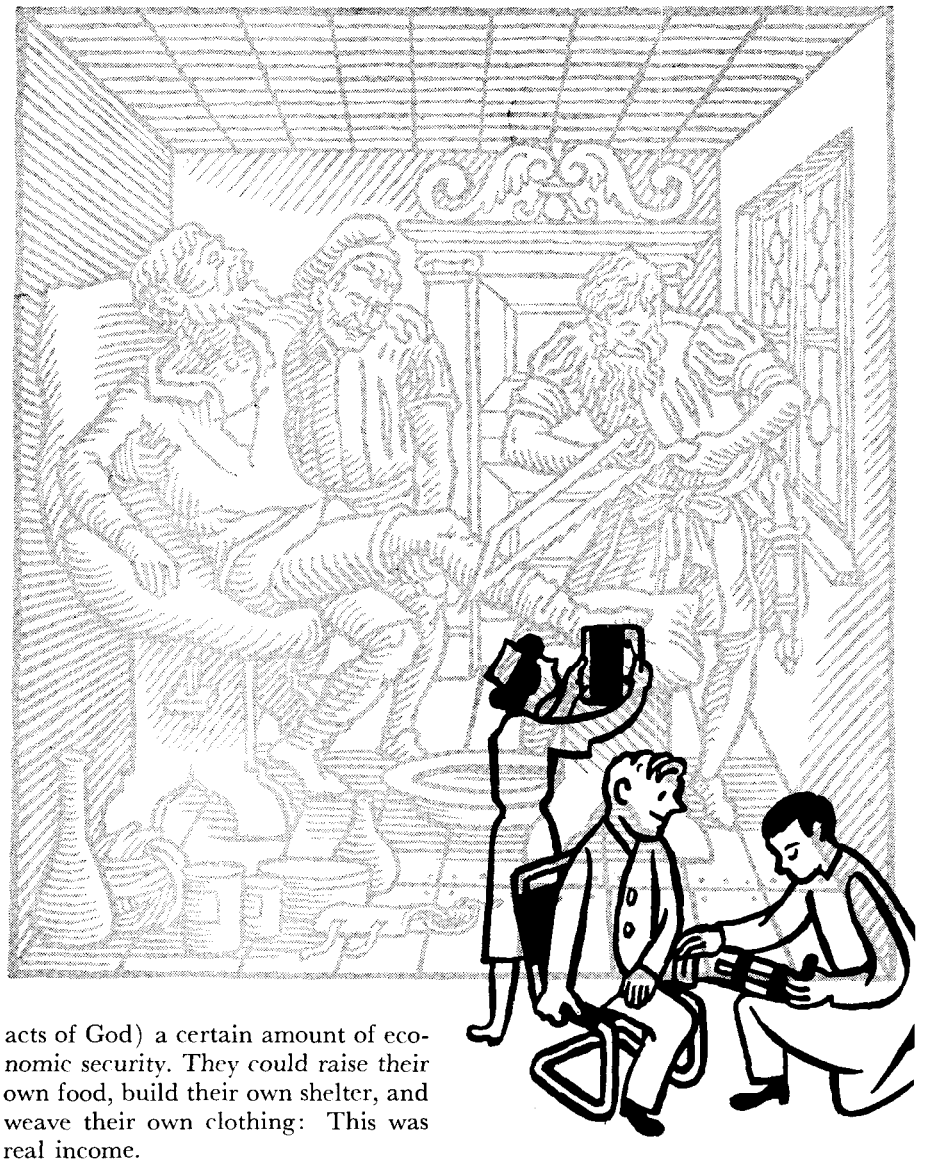
Collective bargaining is now so far-reaching and widespread that basic questions constantly come up about it: Does it serve to protect the consumer against price gouging or lay him open to it? Does it help maintain full employment, sustain the pace of our technological improvements, and narrow the swing between inflation and deflation? Does it safeguard the individual against the loss of the freedoms which together make up democracy?

Anything for Security

All these concerns have become involved in the worker's search for "economic security" and his anxiety to hold on to it as the one certitude in a world where all else is confusion. His personal security is increasingly identified in his own mind with union security, the guarantee that his union can continue to exist in his plant—unmolested by outside attempts to break it up. It is the worker's sense of an identity between his own security and that of the union which accounts for the fact that seventy-seven per cent of the fifty thousand collective agreements in U. S. industry contain union-security provisions, such as the closed shop and the union hiring hall.

The quest for economic security is hardly confined to the union member. The harsh reality of our day is that when almost all men depend upon the money wage as their only resource, they are all subject to the threat of insecurity for which as individuals they have no remedy. It is this which explains the proposal of Senator Ives of New York for a universal hundred-dollar monthly pension for the aged. It explains the "Fair Deal" of President Truman, and the "socialism" of the British Labour Party, as well as the ever-increasing demands of the unions for old-age and retirement pensions.

All these derive logically from the disappearance of any source of *real* income for the majority of people. When most families lived on the land in whole or in part, they had (except for drought, earthquake, flood, insect blights, livestock epidemics, and other acts of God) a certain amount of economic security. They could raise their own food, build their own shelter, and weave their own clothing: This was real income.



The Tyranny of Cash

But the dweller in an urban industrial society has to have cash. Historically, this changeover from the real income of soil and handicraft to the money income of the mill and the mine coincided with the birth of a "contract" society and the death of a "status" society.

Under a society of "contract," a man is free to arrange, with anyone he can find, to sell his skill, his labor, or his goods for whatever price he can get. He can make a deal with an employer for his services, or with a merchant for his wares. If the two parties do not continue to agree, either can withdraw from the arrangement after a time, voiding their "contract."

The employee can look for another job, and the customer for another supplier. By contrast, in a society of "status," a person's economic condition is fixed, set within a hierarchy which is a stepladder on which he occupies always the same step. The serf and the guild member had security, but no freedom.

For both the serf and his successor, the freeholder, either the family (the full, extended family rather than the truncated family of today) or the local community acted as the natural "social-security" agency in times of emergency or misfortune. They took care of the orphan, the aged, the weak, and the sick, even as the guild took care of its members.

The free man of early and later capitalism had to face disaster on his own. His only source of income was the money wage, always precarious and

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unstable. The very onset of industrialism had destroyed the family, the village community, the parish, to which the serf and the freeholder had always turned in time of trouble.

To overcome this insecurity, the trade union from the first has sought to take control of the job away from the employer. Today it is the union which more often than not acts as the labor-supplying agency, and prescribes rules for hiring and firing. And as long as the union can limit the number of workers it will admit to membership, and at the same time insist upon membership as a condition of getting or keeping a job, it can effectively regulate the career of every union member in the factory, or even in the industry.

The courts have adjudged unions to be voluntary associations, but, actually, they possess compulsory power over both employer and employee. They are, in effect, private lawmaking bodies. Their rules influence the lives of millions of workers and thousands of industrial plants. A new and unsuspected issue has therefore come into being. It is the power of the union, as the disburser of job opportunities, to specify the place of the worker within his organization, and within the factory and industry where he makes his living.

Guilds — Old and New

Without intent or plan, proceeding always on the assumption that all men are free and equal before the law, the union is integrating the workers into what amounts to a series of separate social orders. It is re-creating a society based on status, and destroying the society based on contract. After a strange interlude of a hundred and fifty years, during which man existed without most of his age-old associations, the unions are developing a new system of "estates," which satisfies social and psychological, as well as economic, needs. In essential content and contours, they are like the old-time guilds.

If the historical record has any meaning, a sense of identity among men engaged in a common craft, trade, industry, or occupation is a "natural," or, better, an organic relationship to their function. There were guilds in India in 600 B.C.; in China at least a thousand years ago; they were prevalent in ancient Japan, widely scattered in the Islamic world, Greece, Rome, and the Europe of the Middle Ages and beyond. Wherever they have appeared, they had these features in common: They sought to control the labor supply. They specified the conditions (fees, dues, portions, apprenticeship) for entrance into a particular craft. They regulated wages, hours, quality, methods of work, and the tools used for it. Each was determined to protect its own job territory against the unfair competition of outsiders, of "foreigners," of non-guild members.

In medieval Europe every guild was a recognized and respected element in the community equation of manorial village and town. Every guild had its own saint, its own festivals, its own powers, its own laws, and its own mysteries, or skill secrets. (In England, the guild itself was often called the "mystery." "Artificers and men of mysteries shall each choose his own mystery before the next Candlemas, and having so chosen it he shall henceforth use no other," a fourteenth-century law says.)

The guild could enforce its decisions by means of boycott against a merchant who charged too high a price for imported materials; or a strike against a tax that discriminated against its members; or political pressure upon the community council; or ostracism of a member who did not live up to guild rules. (This last is still, of course, an effective tactic. James C. Petrillo, President of the American Federation of Musicians, recently said: "I don't know where he [the expelled musician] would get a job today. An expulsion is a very serious matter for a man who is making a living with his instrument.")

To belong to a guild was to belong to an order in an orderly life, to be part of a coherent pattern, to have place, face, and clearly-defined rights matched by clearly-defined responsibilities; and all of these were sustained by a sense of identity with the group, which protected one against competition, illness, and old age, and buried one honorably by intoning its own ritual along with the prayers of the priest.

The Isolated Man

The Industrial Revolution melted down the society of "status." Instead of fixity, it brought about mobility; instead of narrow, secure life-stations: wide, dangerous opportunities. Instead of clusters of human beings held together by tradition and function, there was a new isolated man, thrown upon his own resources. He was economically independent, but helpless in contracting or making a bargain for the sale of his labor-power to the employer. He was morally free, but adrift, without group supports and safeguards, on his own.

The source and symbol of this change from the group man of feudalism to the atomized individual of capitalism was the substitution of a money wage for the real wage. Under the manorial system, dues and services were paid in produce and in labor, especially among the agricultural population.

Even as late as the mid-seventeenth century, the guildsman himself was still partially attached to the land. He had his garden plot, and grazing rights for his cattle. The baker and draper, the ironmonger and tanner, were not a people apart. They did not depend for their income entirely on the money wage. In hard times, they could always fall back upon the subsistence security of the soil.

But when the Industrial Revolution drew men, women, and children from farm and village into the mill, into the urban slum, it left them on their own to find the good life previously provided by their organic connection with the land, the guild, the parish. More important, under the new dispensation labor was paid for by a money wage.

For the masses of men, this new liberty to choose a master was not liberation but anarchy. The idea was that the right thing for every man was to put his own financial gain first, that the race went to the swift and the strong, to the upward-clawing and the ruthless. A few could use the new freedom and the new equality to amass fortunes, build careers in politics. But for the many, this new freedom and equality proved bitter and burdensome.

The worker at the power loom was not an artisan. He was a name to his foreman. He had lost not only the creative fulfillment of his handicraft, but also his personality. He had no sense of participation in a larger purpose. He had no land to tide him over slack times; no guild to pay him sickness allowance, to insure his regular employment. He had only his ability to get

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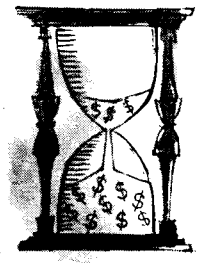
and hold a job, to sell his labor and in exchange for it receive shillings, francs, dollars. And as manufacturing units grew larger, the gulf between employer and employee widened. The worker had less and less contact with the boss, who determined the money wage, who hired and fired, promoted and demoted, raised pay or cut it.

On the whole, the worker was powerless to modify the conditions of his job. He had nothing except what he had in common with other workers; the same employer, the same shop, the same foreman, the same factory whistle. Gradually, a common setting made strangers companions. They worked together along the same pit seam, and used the same tools to subdue and shape materials. And as mechanization led to a complex division of labor, they depended on each other more and more. A new sense of identity was forged as workers congregated at building sites, in mines, or in factories.



The process of atomization, the doctrine that each man stands or falls alone, was reversed by the simple act of men working together. While their lack of power as individuals was always apparent, their collective strength was soon discovered. In time, they developed their own codes, their own lexicon, their own body of doctrine.

The original organizer of the trade-union movement is the shop, the mine, the plant, and the industry. It is not the theorist, the agitator, the orator, the professional missionary. They merely proclaim, each in his way, an already existing fact. The labor leader does not instill grievances; he merely articulates those already there.

The union represents the repudiation of the idea that labor is only a commodity, and that every man can be sufficient unto himself. It represents the striving to achieve a sense of unity with others, to belong, to participate, to share in a common cause, that men working together always find, because they need these feeling-attitudes, because they could not do without them.

It is these non-material motivations of unionism—its capacity to meet aspirations toward human dignity and self-respect, its creation of a real team—that accounts for its pivotal power in the modern world. That power is enabling unionism to foster a new system of human relationships which profoundly alters the substance and the standards of a free society, born and nurtured by a free-market economy.

Today, when membership in the union so often precedes the chance to work, when every union has its own rules of admission, dues, assessments, wage and promotion schedules, pensions and other benefits, then every union becomes in effect a differentiated order within the community. Like the guild before it, it endows its own members with rights and immunities shared only among themselves. Moreover, it is difficult and even impossible to leave the union since penalties for desertion are severe. The worker not only risks loss of a particular job, with its accretion of seniority and promotion rights, and retirement benefits; he also narrows the range of opportunity for finding a new job.

Unionism is thus developing a system of status in which the place and prerogatives of today's worker are being as firmly fixed in custom and precedent as were those of a cooper in medieval Lincoln or Lyons.

The theory that this status is voluntarily assumed makes little difference in practice. The penalties for not accepting this "voluntary" status can hardly be avoided. Actually, this institution of status already prevails throughout a vast number of industries, occupations, and professions. It includes barbers and steelworkers, musicians and airplane pilots, chorus girls and merchant seamen.

It should be noted that the growth of these "stratifications" is defended in the name of freedom, equality, and justice. But these have here only a functional rather than a political or civil context. They relate to rights and rules on the job.

In for Life

To be sure, the worker is free in that he can always resign; but where will he go if he does quit? Any other post he may acquire is likely to be less advantageous. Union seniority will impede his admission to a job of comparable earnings and expectancy. If he moves from one industry to another, he will stand to lose his accumulated priorities and privileges. If he moves from one plant to another, even in the same industry, the seniority and other rules still stand against him.

What is really involved is that the worker is changing a contract terminable at will, the contract of the free, mobile, independent individual, to a contract terminable only at death.

This is a result of the trade union's unceasing efforts to help the worker escape from a pecuniary, impersonal, and fluid relationship to his job. The trade union's every activity is a protest against such practices of a purely free-market economy. The whole trend of collective bargaining today is to expand the area in which men's lives are dominated by the "surety" of status and to shrink the area in which they are governed by the "liberty" of contract.

At the same time that the union seeks to buttress the economic security of the worker, it strengthens the idea that the work and the man belong to each other. It affirms—and management increasingly accepts—the concept that the connection between a worker and his job cannot be defined purely in monetary and temporary terms. It is reassuring that the human being at work must in some degree be allowed to feel that he has a share, a "concern"—in the old Quaker sense of the word—a concern with the future of the enterprise.

All this explains why, to the surprise of classical economists, the union insists on behaving as if it had a permanent stake in the business or industry. Even the quarrels over who gets what, the division of company income, testify to this fact.

The union quarrels over something that seems to belong to both owners and workers. If the workers are going to quarrel over the division of the yield, then they must in time, out of self-interest, become concerned with the production of the yield.

The claim that wages could be raised without raising prices, even when advanced purely for propaganda purposes, belongs in the same category. It recognizes the nexus between wages and prices, and between wages and operating costs, and so focuses the workers' attention upon output.

The recent growth of demands for

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an annual wage merely highlight this ever-increasing sense of interdependence between a union and a company. It is clear indeed, that an annual wage can only be derived from a stable and profitable enterprise, and that it can be regularly sustained only if workers assume their responsibility for keeping the enterprise stable and profitable, and share with management some of the problems and the burdens of improving quality, increasing quantity, and cutting costs.

The same principle applies to the new demands for social security; for if, as the President's Fact Finding Board suggested in the steel dispute of 1949, industry is to become the source, the primary source, of the worker's social security, if industry is to become responsible for the total well-being of its employees, then the latter have a very direct and continuing stake in the total well-being of the industry. For the proposal of the Board, which in its implications marks a new departure in the U.S. industrial relations pattern, is that a new program of social security, to be paid for by industry, with the blessing, if not the active support, of government, is now to be inaugurated. In broad outlines, this proposal has been adopted by the automobile, telephone, rubber, and other industries, even if in modified form. If it becomes more widespread it will hasten a vital change in our economic system, for it will in effect do much to freeze a worker to his job, and make his mobility all but meaningless.

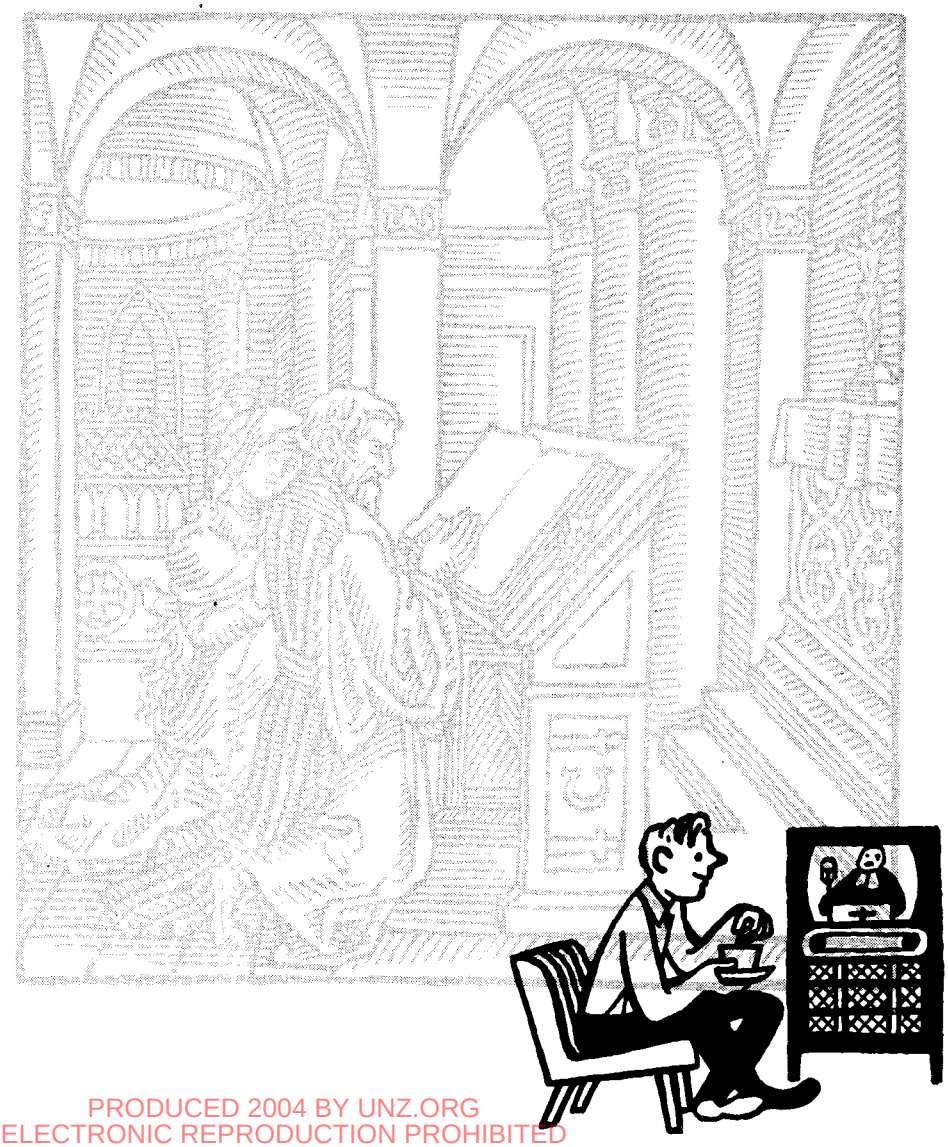
Up till now, labor, in theory and in fact, has been mobile, for the contract on both sides could be dissolved at will. The proposal set forth by the Presidential Steel Board amounts, in effect, to giving up the idea of mobility—a suggestion not intended by the Board —even though this will be the result of putting its precepts into action. For if industry is now to assume the obligation to provide the worker and his family with medical care, maternity and sickness insurance, retirement pensions, and many related benefits, his current wage will thus become only a part of his total income, and a decreasing part at that, as his years of service lengthen. If he wants to change his job, he will forfeit some very real and substantial material gains.

Basic to this whole doctrine is the unconscious substitution of the temporary contract for a life contract. To be sure, there is nothing novel or startling in this idea; its essence was explicit in John L. Lewis's first demand for a five-cent royalty per ton of coal. But the official acceptance of it is very new—and very far-reaching. It implies a good deal more than the immobilization of labor. It implies the identification of the worker's life-long interests with the fortunes of a company or an industry in which his lot happens to be cast. The future of the steel workers will now be formally and irretrievably identified with the prosperity of the steel industry, the future of the coal miners with the profits and losses of the owners of the coal mines; and the same will hold true of the textile, women's wear, rubber, automobile, and other workers.

Deep into Management

As the worker's concern for the prosperity and stability of his industry increases he will become more involved psychologically in the source of his livelihood. For unless his industry prospers, it will not be able to meet the demands on it, not only for the present but also in the future. This means a basic change in the mental-set of the worker, in his whole approach to "management," to "the company," to the "industry." This change, in turn, will vastly transform the role and functioning of the trade union. It will have to abandon the psychology and apparatus of combat and replace these by active and constructive co-operation with management.

All this would seem to imply a motivation, on the part of the unions, to get deeper into the issues of management. Actually the union is being pushed, usually without knowing why, into an increasing range of managerial activities by its original commitment to stabilize the security of its members. Its responsibilities increase with its growing powers. If the union agreed permanently to limit its field of activities, it would admit that it was an in-



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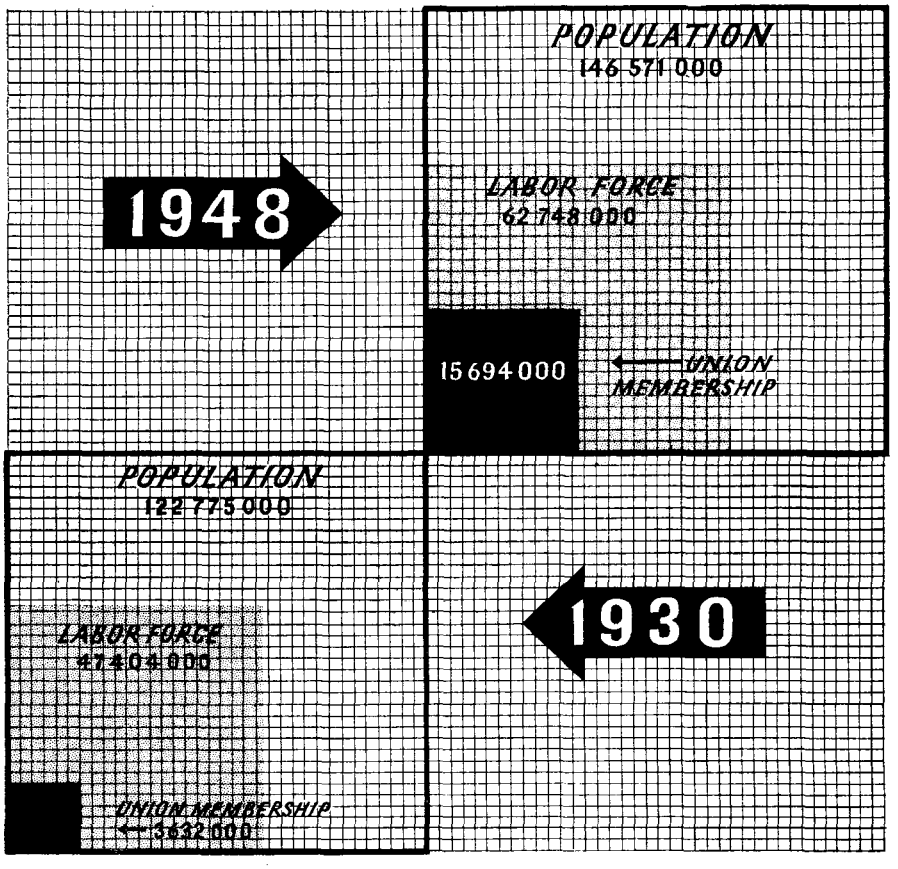
truder, an outsider. But it is not; it is part of the industry; it is the other side of management.

The union is getting into management in an even more tangible way. Through its dues, it has become a repository of large and continuously growing funds. It has, in fact, like the insurance companies, become a semi-public savings-institution.

Some of these funds, logically enough, should be reinvested in the industry from which they are drawn. For the union cannot insist upon greater participation in, and concern for, the industry, except upon a proprietary basis. Some unions, like the United Automobile Workers, have bought into as many as sixty-eight companies with which they have collective agreements.

Thus a new source of industrial investment is being opened up at the very time when large private funds for new capital investment are dwindling. Hidden in the growth of trade unionism, then, is the re-establishment of the worker's interest in the industry from which he draws his living. If the worker has a pecuniary interest, he will also have to assume the moral responsibilities that go with it—responsibility for the property he owns, the work he does, the quality he produces.

The whole developing situation is often lost sight of in the persistent argument over wages, as if the union's role was chiefly occupied with pecuniary income. That is not the case. The economic ends are undeniable, but so are the purposes embraced by membership in a "society," and by the broad ethical objectives which define the conditions of the good life. The form the argument between management and labor takes is in some ways irrelevant to the inner bent of the union. Each separate dispute is over a specific issue. The underlying drive is increased participation in management, because whatever management does has a bearing not merely upon the future economic security of the members and the future role of the union, but also upon the undefinable but very real sense of membership in a going concern. The union may talk the language of the market, and be obsessed by economic objectives. That is part of the milieu as given, and it is a language both labor and management understand. But the underlying theme is the drive for moral status within the industry. A commitment to spend one's life in a job without moral status would be intolerable—equivalent to slavery.



Union growth since 1930

A Footnote on the Future

Our giant plants and congested cities, our national industries and national unions, all result from the way in which we organize our energy—of hand, brain, and machine. The big, centralized, and complex character of our economy has been moulded by our industrial arts and technology. But a change in the technological basis of the economy, from the big and centralized and complex to the small and spread-out and simple, now seems very possible.

Many signs portend it—the automobile, the mechanization of the farm, the radio, televison, the compact new units for generating electric power, deep freeze units, and the rapid spread of hydroponics (growth of plants without soil) and fish farming which together make it possible to raise food in incredibly small space.

Perhaps within a reasonable time the industrial unit will be small—employing not more than five hundred people. It may well be that available energy and technology can keep hours of labor short. The local plot of land and the local pond could then perhaps provide alternative opportunities for employment. The new diesel engines and electric windmills could furnish electric energy to enable skilled craftsmen to use power tools in their homes instead of the factory. If all this should happen, a very different economy would emerge. It would reduce the importance of a national and an international market. It would limit the role of the modern corporation and the modern union. It would favor proprietary ownership, so essential to moral and personal identity with the work done. I would like to confess the hope that this dispensation will come to rule the lives of men, and bring to them that sanity and sense of values which they can find only within small groups about a common task. in the parochial community, and in close contact with the soil.

—Frank Tannenbaum

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Van Arsdale's Tight Little Island

A rugged leader and his electrical workers' local have been held up as a prize example of the best and worst in old-fashioned unionism

Whether they know it or not, many of the men who lead American unions at the local level have built islands of their own within our society. Take, for instance, Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., who presides over an impregnable union of thirty thousand New York electricians in the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

Harry Van Arsdale, Jr. has been a legendary figure in the labor world for almost twenty years. In his nearly two decades of leadership of Local 3, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, AFL, which is the largest building-trades local in America, he has been held up, with pride or malice, as a prize example of the best or worst in old-fashioned craft unionism. As a symbol, he has been easy to label. As a man, he is hard to define.

The first time I was shown into his office, I observed a number of men sitting in his anteroom. They were obviously tense and unhappy, and were nervously twisting their hats in their hands. "If your men are so contented," I said, "how do you account for that miserable group of workers waiting outside?" "Hell," he answered. "They aren't workers. They're contractors."

It would be hard to find grounds for discontent among the thirty thousand members of his local. Long before the phrase "welfare state" was coined, Van Arsdale and his associates had achieved it in their union; today Local 3 is an island of socialism in a sea of capitalistic electrical enterprise. Its ranking members include the highest paid workers anywhere in the industry. The so-called "A" men (highly skilled electricians) receive a minimum of three dollars an hour, or $105 for a thirty-five-hour week. They are the only building-trades workers in the country who get two-week paid vacations. Their employers pay their social security taxes. Under an entirely employer-financed fund, they have a guaranteed retirement income of $120 a month at the age of sixty-five; in 1955 this will be increased to $130, and in 1960 to $140 a month. The anxiety that usually goes with old age is further relieved for them by a contract clause requiring that one out of every ten men on every job be over fifty-five.

Their welfare fund also provides broad disability, hospitalization, and surgery benefits; and a magnificent three-hundred-acre estate was recently purchased to provide ailing members with convalescent care. In the past few months, employers have also agreed to provide the electrical workers with limited dental care entirely free; to contribute up to fifty dollars a year for depreciation of craftsmen's tools and work clothes; and to set up a $250,000 fund from which members may borrow money, interest free, to buy homes or cars. The employers have agreed, moreover, to provide two scholarships a year at Columbia University for sons of Local 3 members. And in March, work started on a $20-million non-profit, co-operative housing development in Queens for two thousand union families.

The fuller life provided through the efforts of the union extends beyond material comforts. Fraternal feeling and a spirit of lodgism are strong. Members of Local 3 speak of their organization as if it were an exclusive Greek-letter society. It contains regional clubs, religious clubs, and an American Legion post. Sick members are visited; union representatives and rank-and-file groups appear at every baptism, bar mitzvah, wedding, and funeral.

The evident solidity and health of Local 3 seem even more impressive when contrasted with the unit's condition eighteen years ago. In 1932, it was split into several opposing factions, not all of them divided along ideological lines. There was, in fact, so much drinking and gambling at union meetings that fewer and fewer of the more quiet and industrious members attended. Violence became so frequent that sizeable details of police were usually around when meetings were held.

It was in this era that Van Arsdale first came to prominence. After one of the more stormy meetings, one faction decided to go down to headquarters the next day and "clean the place out." During this attempt, a few shots were fired and two men were wounded. One of the factions, headed by Al Terry, accused Van Arsdale of the shooting. Terry, according to witnesses at the subsequent trial, had lunged at Van Arsdale, punching and kicking. Despite an imposing array of defense witnesses, a jury found Van Arsdale guilty.

The case was appealed and sent back for re-trial. Ultimately the district attorney dismissed it, but it still plagues Van Arsdale. Westbrook Pegler, for instance, drags it back into the light when short of copy. Whenever Local 3 calls a strike, or is sued by the National

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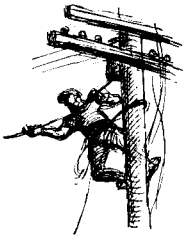
Electrical Manufacturers Association, or is indicted under the antitrust laws, the newspaper rewrite men haul out their clips and insert a paragraph on the case. A few years ago, *Life* ran an illustrated center spread of well-known labor racketeers like George Scalise and Willie Bioff. The editors included Van Arsdale's picture. He immediately brought suit against the magazine for libel, and—although it has never been reported before—the case was settled out of court for $17,500.

Between the time of Van Arsdale's indictment and the trial, he was elected business manager of his union by an overwhelming majority. He has held the post ever since. Under his leadership, factionalism has gradually disappeared. Since 1933, the local has grown from seven to thirty thousand members; and these men have achieved probably the best set of wages and working conditions enjoyed by any similar group in the country.



What sort of man has accomplished this, and what has the accomplishment done to the man? In every field there are people who are so capable and determined that ultimately they become leaders out of sheer efficiency. But in the hard struggle upwards, something is frequently lost—humanity, fellow-feeling, identification with the original cause, whatever it might be. When this occurs, it is inevitable that such men lose concern for the very problem which originally motivated them and which was the reason for their success.

Whatever else Van Arsdale might have lost on his way up, however, this isn't it. There are gaps in the man, in the human sense, but he is still basically a rank-and-filer. He thinks like his men and reacts like them, but with greater acuteness. He has the dedication of a crackpot, but he is enormously sane.

Van Arsdale looks like anything but a hard-bitten labor leader. (But then, what does a typical labor leader look like? Petrillo looks like an Elks' potentate, Jim Carey puts one in mind of an unemployed shipping clerk, Philip Murray resembles a harried bookkeeper, and William Green always reminds me of a Baptist Sunday-school teacher—which he was.)

Youthful in appearance, despite his forty-four years (he is a grandfather), and self-assured to the point of cockiness, Van Arsdale seems more than anything else like an overworked, harassed small businessman. In manner, rather than appearance, there is something about him that suggests Broadway, although he has never been known to indulge himself in $150 suits and $25 hand-painted ties. Nor can he ever be found at Toots Shor's, the Stork Club, or the other night spots that seem to attract certain other top New York labor leaders.

At any rate these tastes would be out of the question for Van Arsdale on his salary of $175 a week. The members of Local 3 think his salary is sufficient, which is not surprising. What is slightly surprising is that Van Arsdale agrees with them. It isn't money he's after, and his tastes are simple and few. He doesn't smoke or drink. He works almost around the clock, sometimes as long as fifteen hours a day. Late at night, by way of relaxation, he often drives through the deserted streets watching his crews servicing the city's light system. His single-minded interest in the union borders on the fanatical.

Van, as his associates call him, was born on 47th Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, in the area known as Hell's Kitchen. His father is a seventy-year-old rank-and-filer of Dutch Protestant stock, who is unashamedly proud of his son. The senior Van Arsdale has been a member of the union for fifty years, and still carries a card. Assisted by his son, he built the house in which the Van Arsdales, senior and junior, now live in Ozone Park. Much humbler than many homes of Local 3 members, it is a simple workingman's frame house, overrun by Harry's children and grandchildren.

Van Arsdale's mother is a devout Irish Catholic, shrewd, witty, and wise. Doubtless it is from her that Van Arsdale inherits his aggressiveness and talent for intricate union politics. From her he did *not* acquire his dead-pan seriousness, which verges on humorlessness. Absence of humor seems to be an occupational deficiency with many labor leaders.

Although his parents speak undistinguished but correct English, Van Arsdale at times speaks the language of New York's streets, saying "thoid, soitenly," and "soitified." This is possibly a common-man affectation for the boys in the day-room. In conference with attorneys or government officials, his language can be precise, correct, and effective.

Like many labor leaders, he is virtually self-educated. He attended P.S. 5, and later went to Townsend Harris High School, but quit after two years. His marks at school were excellent, and he had ambitions for an academic career. But in those days electricians were not receiving three dollars an hour, and his earnings were needed at home. He went to work at fifteen, married at sixteen, had his first child at seventeen. "I've always been in a hurry," he says.

Impatience with the normal gait of things seem to be Van Arsdale's outstanding characteristic. At seventeen he became an apprentice, then, in rapid succession, helper, journeyman, and union business agent. At twenty-eight he was elected to the top executive post in his union, that of business manager.

Perhaps it was from this background—the unswervingly craft-union-conscious father, the early poverty, the accumulating drive, that Van Arsdale derived the chief ingredients for his success. His effectiveness, I am inclined to think, lies in a combination of nine-

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tcenth-century liberal idealism and twentieth-century executive technique. As an executive, he has the power to run his local with an iron hand if he cares to. As an idealist, he has achieved the kind of position in which he rarely needs to use that power.

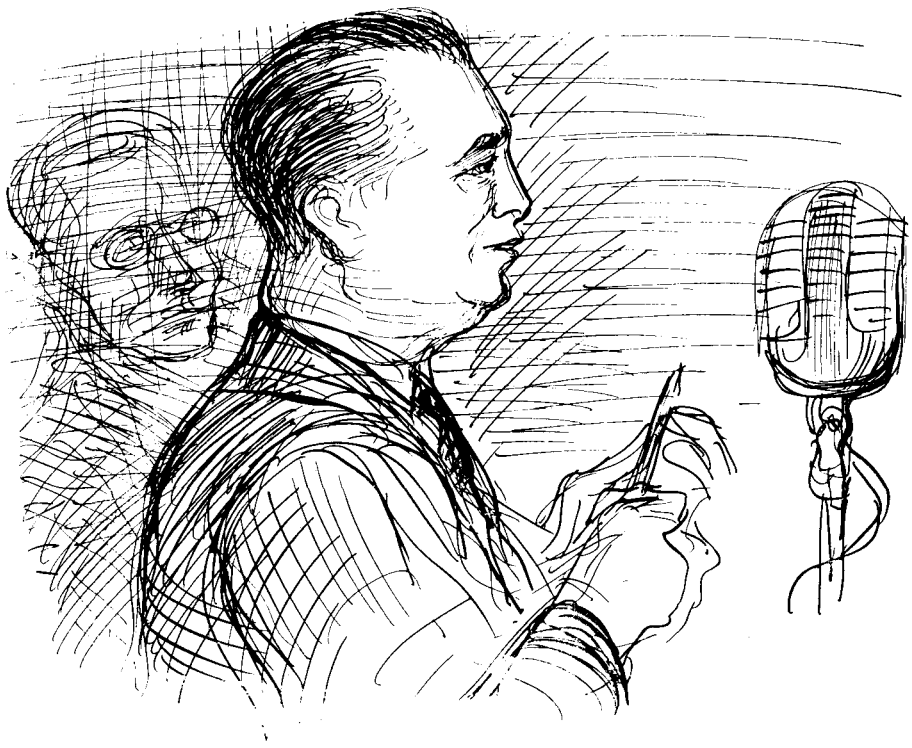
Once I watched a coil of non-union conduit cable being rolled onto a construction job. Without instructions, without any exhortation by a union representative, all electrical work on the job suddenly ceased. While the local's constitution requires such action, on pain of expulsion, this formal precaution provides only a superficial explanation for the behavior of these men. By now union solidarity and self-discipline have become conditioned reflexes. A non-union condition existed on that particular job, and that was enough.

The same spirit is apparent at the membership meetings. They are held at Manhattan Center, one of the larger meeting halls in New York, which is usually jammed to the rafters for them. There is a fifty-cent fine for non-attendance. When I asked whether this was not democracy by compulsion, Van Arsdale replied: "Any labor leader who wants undemocratic control over his union prefers to have small, tight meetings — only the administration gang present, all resolutions passed, everything moving like clockwork. Not me. You been to our meetings, you ought to know."

I had been, and I do know. They are unbelievable meetings. There are long debates from the floor, with every man who has something to say getting his chance, items in the treasurer's report being challenged: "Six hundred dollars for postage, that's a lot of money, brother chairman, why can't we send postcards?" It seemed to me democracy carried almost to the point of tedium.

Under Van Arsdale's leadership, Local 3, which in 1933 was a hard-shelled, conservative, vertical, building-trades craft union, has slowly assumed horizontal planes, to the consternation of the craft-minded Washington union headquarters. Today, Local 3's members include construction electricians, repairmen, maintenance men, and factory workers on electrical equipment and appliances.

The so-called "A" men, who make up roughly eight thousand of the thirty thousand members, are, of course, the most favored economically. An "A" membership card is more valuable than a college degree in electrical engineering. Only the sons of old members are eligible for apprenticeship in this division. If membership in the "A" division were for sale—which it is not—I am certain the union's card would be worth somewhere in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars.



Harry Van Arsdale, Jr.

Since "A" membership is a limited affair, the charge has been made that this division is in effect a job monopoly in the New York electrical industry. When pressed on this subject, Van Arsdale will say: "Our old members in former years have been locked out by employers and slugged on picket lines —why shouldn't they have first choice in nominating their sons for 'A' membership?" It isn't a perfect answer, but it is a valid question.

If the "A" members are the local's aristocrats, so to speak, they also seem to have a pronounced sense of trade union *noblesse oblige*. Throughout the years of Van Arsdale's administration, they have assessed themselves millions of dollars for the organization of workers on the lower economic levels of the electric industry. They are the most militant pickets, the solid core of the union, carrying the heaviest responsibility.

It has been said more than once that Local 3 is a "tough" union. It is. But this is only true in the sense that any militant union in the pre-arterio-sclerotic state is a tough union. Every Local 3 strike takes on the aspects of a minor civil war. Local 3 pickets are well-mannered, but leave no room for doubt.

The National Electrical Manufacturers Association has charged that members of Local 3 practice featherbedding, soldiering on the job, and discrimination against labor-saving devices. Walter Gordon Merritt, attorney for the manufacturers' association, is reputed to have made more than a million dollars pressing these charges against Local 3. He was able to secure an indictment against Local 3 officers for violation of the antitrust laws. But when the case reached the Supreme Court, the judges ruled that a union acting alone had the right to discriminate against any unacceptable material. (This situation has, of course, since been altered by the Taft-Hartley Act, which outlaws secondary boycotts.)

In addition to the association's attacks, which have been a perennial

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problem for the local, there has, more recently, been an onslaught from the international union's headquarters in Washington. Van Arsdale is now being tried on a brace of technical charges in the IBEW's Washington office: use of the Local's label instead of the Brotherhood's, and failing to submit contracts for International approval. Behind these formal charges is the whole pattern of continuing struggle between the entrenched labor hierarchy in Washington and the local leaders, who are the hard-pressed, overworked officers, junior grade, of American trade unionism.

Local 3, with a membership one hundred times the size of the average local in the IBEW, is the only union in the Brotherhood with anything resembling a comprehensive welfare program, with millions of dollars' worth of real estate, an impressive welfare reserve fund, and a multi-million-dollar housing project for its membership under way.

The mere existence of Local 3 is a challenge to the less energetic, but still power-conscious, Washington leadership. Their plan calls for subdividing and parcelling out Local 3 into smaller units, thus providing jobs to the ward-heelers of the International Brotherhood; and, most important of all, getting rid of Van Arsdale.

If Van Arsdale is suspended or expelled, and the Brotherhood attempts to take over Local 3, it is certain that the Local's thirty thousand members will leave the Brotherhood and set up an independent organization. If this should happen, Van Arsdale's action might become an inspiration to other local trade unionists to fight against the domination which many of the national labor overlords habitually exercise over tens of thousands of local unions.

Recently, as Van Arsdale was telling me the story of his fight with the Brotherhood, I observed an unusual book on his desk. It was Machiavelli's *The Prince,* that cynical classic which advocates craft and deceit for the maintenance of power.

"You know," he said, tapping the volume thoughtfully, "I never knew the art of the double-cross had a textbook. The boys down in Washington sure have been boning up on it."

—CHARLES YALE HARRISON

The Contractors' Case Against Local 3

In the course of building what Charles Yale Harrison calls a socialist island in a capitalistic sea, Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, AFL, has been accused of enriching its members at inordinate expense to the public.

The most bitter accusations have come from those electrical contractors who have no collective bargaining agreement with Local 3. In a brief filed before the United States District Court several years ago, these contractors stated their principal grievances.

They charged that Local 3, by offering "'threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise'" to a limited group of contractors, had established "a private preserve" in the field of electrical installation in New York City, with no "poachers allowed." They alleged that Local 3 members, who are highly skilled and often irreplaceable, refused to handle any products except those made by "members of Local 3 who are residents of this [New York] city and state," and have so stipulated in their contracts with employers.

In effect, therefore, they claimed that any contractor who refused to accept Local 3—or whom Local 3 refused to accept—in collective bargaining agreements, could not compete in the New York market.

As a result, they concluded, those contractors who did have agreements with Local 3 were free to charge monopoly prices, and did so, more than tripling the cost of their products to the consumer within the previous six years.

Since all labor costs, they said, could be passed on directly to the consumer—who had either to accept them or have no electrical installations at all—"no union contractor dares deny Local 3 anything substantial that Local 3 demands; none have."

Essentially, the brief was describing a collective bargaining process known as the secondary boycott, which, in the formative stages of trade unionism, was one of labor's few effective weapons. By carrying the practice to its most effective extreme, Van Arsdale's union has won probably the best set of wages and working conditions in the country. Until the Taft-Hartley Act banned the secondary boycott, the Supreme Court held that Local 3—or any other union—could lawfully engage in it, so long as it was acting alone to protect its members' interests, and was not in collusion with the employers. Since Taft-Hartley, "foreign" competition is now entering New York, and unemployment among Local 3 members is setting in.

The implications of all this seem to be: A union operating in our capitalist society can achieve almost complete security for its own members—if it has enough unrestricted bargaining power to control its field.

If this seems to suggest, however, that Local 3 has been particularly lacking in broader civic responsibility, a spokesman for the local has come up with a neat defense. What this union has achieved for its members, he says, is nothing more than any union, AFL or CIO, would like to achieve by the same or essentially similar methods. If few other unions have realized their ambitions to the same degree, he concludes, it is only because they have lacked the discipline, dedication, and concentration of craft skill which have been the open secret of Local 3's success.

—CLAIRE NEIKIND

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A New German-Soviet Pact?

The specter that haunts Europe today is another German-Soviet pact. Will it remain a specter or does it have the stuff of life?

The previous German-Soviet agreements—in 1922 at Rapallo and in 1939 at Moscow—were remarkably alike in at least one respect. Each time the Soviets were negotiating simultaneously with Germany and the western powers; and each time the latter were taken by surprise. The principal lesson to be drawn from both was the extreme danger of assuming that the Soviets—and the Germans—had no alternative lines of action.

The 1922 pact was made by a moderate German government, not fundamentally different from the present Bonn Administration. The Chancellor, Dr. Josef Wirth, was a Catholic who publicly advocated the "fulfillment of the Versailles treaty," and the Foreign Minister, Walther Rathenau, was an emancipated industrialist. That they were willing to come to terms with the U.S.S.R. showed that the Russians had another card to play besides Communism—German nationalism. Every time the former failed, the latter succeeded. Since the Communists are weaker in western Germany today than anywhere else in Europe, the nationalist card is again being played for all it is worth.

There were two sides to Rapallo: the open economic agreement and the secret military collaboration. As General Hans von Seeckt's papers in the National Archives in Washington prove, the *Reichswehr* and the Red Army made a deal, as early as 1921, which enabled Germany to evade the peace treaty. German arms factories were built in Russia, and German officers were employed training Russian units. Whatever Wirth said publicly, privately he took orders from the Army.

From Rapallo till now, the two main forces that have exerted pressure in Germany for German-Soviet collaboration are the professional militarists and the career diplomats. There is reason to believe that the diplomats played the larger role in preparing the way for the German-Soviet pact of 1939. Some of them are at it again.

Today a former German diplomat, Dr. Rudolf Nadolny, is the most important representative of the "spirit of Rapallo." The seventy-seven-year-old Nadolny started his long diplomatic career in 1903 as vice-consul in St. Petersburg and ended it in 1934 as ambassador in Moscow. Hitler removed him from the latter post, as Nadolny himself has revealed, because he was discussing a German-Soviet pact with Litvinov five years before Hitler was ready for it. His proudest boast is that he was the only German official who ever screamed back at Hitler and lost only his job.

After the war, Nadolny moved to Berlin from his home in East Prussia, where his family goes back to the fourteenth century. His past services in behalf of a German-Soviet understanding made him *persona grata* at Karlshorst, the Soviet Military Government headquarters. For a while at least, he was not shunned by the Americans, either. Both sides considered him a useful intermediary, and he conceived of him-

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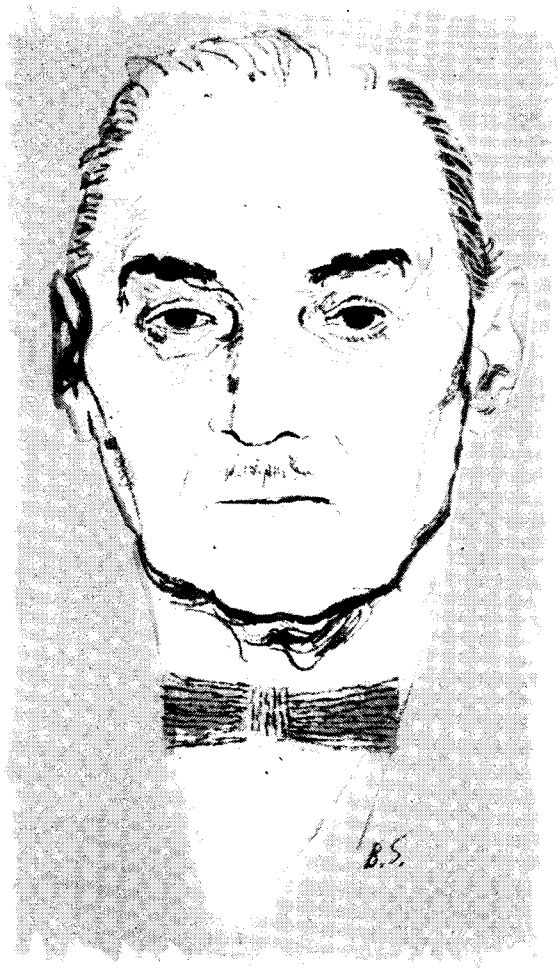
self as something of a man of destiny who would lead Germany out of the diplomatic wilderness.

In 1947, Nadolny's fortunes seemed to change. The Russians abruptly refused to see him; the German Communists resented his refusal to take part in their People's Congress movement; the Americans suspected him of playing a double game. Toward the end of 1948, he moved from Berlin to Rheinsberg in the British Zone, where he resides with his son-in-law, a former Swedish diplomat.

One Sunday afternoon in March, 1949, Nadolny invited a number of German officials, financiers, and ex-diplomats to a "private tea party" at the home of Dr. Andreas Hermes in Bad Godesberg, a few miles from Bonn. There came Dr. Hans Ehard, the Christian-Social Minister-President of Bavaria; Dr. Franz Blücher, the Vice-Chancellor of the Bonn government and a leading Free Democrat; Dr. Hermann Abs, the financier whose recent visit to the United States attracted considerable attention; Baron von Prittwitz und Gaffron, the German ambassador in Washington from 1926 to 1932; and a dozen others of past, present, or perhaps future notoriety.

Dr. Hermes, still active at eighty-three, is the strong man behind Nadolny. Hermes was present at Rapallo as a member of the Wirth Government. Rathenau's biographer says that Hermes urged the chief German diplomatic negotiator, Baron von Maltzan, "to arrange something" with the Soviets in order to "avoid being cut off on the east at all cost." That was twenty-eight years ago. Dr. Hermes is still one of the most powerful political figures in western Germany. He founded and is president of the very potent German Farmers' Association, a bulwark of the Christian-Democratic Party. He still wants "to arrange something" with the Soviets "at all cost."



Dr. Rudolf Nadolny

Nadolny and Hermes made the mistake of trying to keep their tea party a secret. When the news leaked out, the German press professed to be scandalized. Nadolny was quiet during the election campaign last year, but, as soon as it was over, he tried to hold a second meeting. He had little success. All his former guests except von Prittwitz und Gaffron, now vice-chairman of the Christian-Social Union of Bavaria, were scared off. Yet Nadolny was able to stage a comeback recently.

Together with Dr. Hermes, he organized the *Gesellschaft für die Wiedervereinigung Deutschlands* (Society for the Reunification of Germany) on January 21 in Bad Homburg. The main speeches were made by Hermes and von Prittwitz und Gaffron, but a number of other political figures were present, along with a sprinkling of industrialists, journalists, and intellectuals—about sixty in all.

The aim of the organization was given as "the reunification of Germany in genuine democratic self-determination for the preservation of the freedom and dignity of the person and belief." The speeches showed that Nadolny, Hermes, and their friends had decided, after some hard thinking, to change their propaganda, if not their policy. They used to subordinate all social and political considerations to their pro-Soviet foreign policy. They did not hesitate to emphasize their opposition to the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact. Now they have chosen to fight on the much safer ground of German unity. They have adopted the language of western democracy and made themselves more acceptable to the predominant anti-Communist sentiment in the Christian-Democratic movement.

Nadolny has been called "a secret agent of the Kremlin." To let it go at that is surely to miss the point. If he were a Soviet agent, he would be merely another in an already-crowded profession, and as such no cause for special nervousness. It is because he represents a deep, historic tendency in nationalistic German foreign policy that he deserves close attention.

The current Russian favorite, judging from the press in the Soviet Zone, is not Nadolny but Dr. Ulrich Noack, a fifty-year-old history professor at the University of Würzburg and leader of the Nauheim Circle, so called because that is the town in which his group held its first meeting. Noack was a member of the Nazi Party, and a former special representative of the German Foreign Ministry in Norway early in the war, according to *Die Neue Zeitung*, though later he was arrested in connection with the July, 1944, plot. Now he is a member of the Christian-Social Union of Bavaria and a town councillor of Würzburg. Noack used to be dismissed as an academic amateur, but lately his meetings were banned; his publicity has increased, and he is now taken more seriously.

Noack's chief talking point is the "neutralization" of Germany. He maintains that Germany should not belong to any existing bloc, but instead should form a separate, neutral grouping with Austria, Switzerland, and perhaps Finland—a buffer zone between the East and West. Concretely, he advocates the

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immediate withdrawal of all occupation troops, the reunification of Germany, and the restoration of full sovereignty.

The idea of "neutralizing" Germany is as seductive and pathetic as that of "outlawing" the atomic bomb or eliminating nationalism through "world government." If Noack's principle is good, there is, of course, no reason for stopping with Germany. The neutralization of all Europe would be even better, and the neutralization of the entire world best of all. Very probably, Germany is such an important part of Europe, and Europe such an important part of the world, that the part cannot be neutralized alone. The German problem cannot be solved in isolation.

Actually, the German Communists, who are Noack's chief advertisers, do not take "neutralization" very seriously. While chiding him gently for not going far enough, they have greeted his plan as "the first sign of understanding in German intellectual and bourgeois circles." What appeals to them most are his practical proposals, particularly the withdrawal of all occupation troops—in the case of the Russians a few hundred miles, of the Americans a few thousand. From the Soviet standpoint, a neutral Germany is better than a hostile one; it is good strategy to encourage Noack in western but not in eastern Germany.

At one time, Nadolny and Noack seemed to be moving in the same direction. But the new Nadolny approach has made a distinction necessary. At the recent meeting in Bad Homburg, Dr. Hermes went out of his way to reject both the re-militarization and neutralization of Germany, to repudiate Communism and Communist tendencies, and to exclude all negotiations with Noack's group. It seems that Hermes and Nadolny have decided to exploit the political glamor of unity from the western side of the street, leaving the eastern side to Noack.

In Germany, unity has become a political football in the struggle between those who look to the East and those who look to the West. A striking example was recently provided by Chancellor Adenauer's predicament in relation to the Saar problem.

At first, Dr. Adenauer tried to handle the Oder-Neisse line and the Saar in contradictory ways. He denounced the Oder-Neisse line but hedged on the Saar. He did not mind antagonizing the Soviet Union and Poland, but he contented himself with deploring the "misunderstanding" with France and expressing a pious hope for a "European solution" of the Saar problem.

Finally, the double game proved untenable. His Saar position was undercutting his Oder-Neisse line position. He had to decide which was more important, and he decided in favor of the Oder-Neisse line. At the risk of upsetting his whole foreign policy, which rests on an understanding with France, he came out squarely against the French policy of separating the Saar from Germany.

Dr. Adenauer is not the only one in this dilemma. By opposing French policy in the Saar, the Soviet Union is indirectly encouraging the Germans to rebel against the Oder-Neisse line. By supporting French policy in the Saar, the United States and Great Britain are indirectly giving comfort to the Soviet Union on the final disposition of the Oder-Neisse line.

The German Communists have different troubles. For the time being, they are clamoring for the immediate "unity" of Germany. But as long as the Communists have to swear by the Oder-Neisse line, they cannot stand up for "territorial integrity." In the name of internationalism, they swallow the partition of Germany along the Oder-Neisse line; in the name of nationalism, they denounce the separation of the Saar, about one-thirtieth the size of the lost eastern territories.

The demand for a unified Germany immediately raises the question: "What Germany?" and "What kind of Germany?" As long as the propagandists of unity do not make even the slightest effort to answer these questions, they do not deserve to be taken seriously. Yet the campaign goes on, always more dangerously, and no politician can afford to resist it. It is increasingly clear that the agitation for German unity is crystallizing prematurely the even more difficult problem of the German frontiers, particularly the Oder-Neisse line and the Saar. The pressure for German "unity" is irresistibly provoking counter-pressure for German "integrity," because the former embarrasses the West and the latter the East. If unity is the burning issue in Germany today, territorial integrity will be the burning issue tomorrow. And before very long, the two issues will merge.

How is a third German-Soviet pact possible without a revision of the Oder-Neisse line? This writer asked the question of everyone he encountered in Germany. The results seemed to show that no German knows how to change the Oder-Neisse line and no German doubts that it must and will be changed. In a recently published little book, even Dr. Nadolny came out for a revision of the Oder-Neisse line. He took the position that the Soviet Union should give up its portion of East Prussia and that Poland and Germany should reach a compromise.

At this stage, Soviet policy in Germany is prepared for almost any contingency and, therefore, is not committed to any one policy. It often puzzles observers and confounds the Communists themselves because it seems to be striking out in all directions at once. The National Front is the latest case in point. In the Soviet Zone, it is being used to consolidate the power of the Communists and to squeeze out whatever opposition remains. In the western zones, it is used as bait for a coalition on the broadest scale, includ-

Dr. Andreas Hermes

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ing the extreme Right, the only qualification for membership being rabid anti-Americanism. In the latter case, the National Front is virtually a translation, in terms of internal politics, of a third German-Soviet pact.

The gravest possibility is that a third German-Soviet pact, like the second, can be made only by recarving Europe, and therefore holds within it the seeds of territorial upheaval and war. When the Soviets are really ready to make Germany an ally, they will have to revise its eastern frontiers, because the two countries could obviously not stand together through a major crisis with such a bleeding wound between them. Yet this would be such a grave step in terms of other Soviet interests—in Poland particularly—that it would probably take something as serious as war to make it worthwhile.

What are the chances, then, for a third German-Soviet pact? There was one very important difference between the first and second pacts, and there are bound to be differences between the first two and any third one, that may help us to gain perspective.

In 1922, Germany and the Soviet Union were relatively weak powers. In 1939, they were relatively strong powers. In 1922, Germany wanted to use Russia to make a comeback. In 1939, Germany wanted to use Russia to conquer Europe. Today, Russia is stronger than ever and Germany is weaker than ever. Germany again wants to use Russia to make a comeback, but this time Russia wants to use Germany to conquer Europe.

It was no accident that the German press in the Soviet Zone came out with a rash of articles on the significance of Rapallo after Stalin's message of last October, which said that "these two peoples possess the biggest potentialities in Europe for the accomplishment of great actions of world significance." The Rapallo period may be more suggestive today than the Ribbentrop-Molotov period.

From 1922 to 1939, however, Germany conceived itself to be enormously the stronger of the two. At Rapallo, Rathenau had in mind a grandiose scheme, which he persuaded even Lloyd George to adopt, for the economic exploitation of Russia by German techniques in behalf of general European recovery. Hitler professed to believe that the German Army could knock out Russia in anything from six weeks to six months.

After the Second World War, it is much more difficult—though, unfortunately, not impossible—for any German to delude himself that Germany would still have the upper hand in any partnership. The risks for the German bourgeoisie have increased disproportionately to the possible profits.

Previous German-Soviet pacts had little or no effect on internal politics in Germany. The German bourgeoisie was strong enough to collaborate with a Communist state without compromising with the Communists at home. This would be much harder today. If the German bourgeoisie gambles on an opportunistic deal with the Soviets and loses, it will pay for its mistake with its very existence.

Assuming a non-Communist Germany, this may well be the decisive factor from the German side. The

Dr. Ulrich Noack

stronger Germany becomes, the more capable it will be of making a third German-Soviet pact on the same basis as the other two. As long as Germany remains relatively weak, the social repercussions of a pro-Soviet foreign policy could be too dangerous.

Some German politicians are so fond of using blackmail as a diplomatic instrument that they have succeeded in popularizing the very opposite theory. They have assiduously spread the notion that they will have to fall into the hands of the East if they do not get what they want from the West, as if they intend to commit political, and perhaps not merely political, suicide. The lesson of history is that the more this kind of Germany gets from the West and the stronger it becomes, the more likely it is to go back to the traditional foreign policy of playing off the West against the East to the ultimate disadvantage of the West.

Even a profoundly conservative person like the former ambassador, Ulrich von Hassell, believed that Germany had to "exploit all opportunities." He would "prefer the western orientation," he wrote in his diary, "but if need be I would also consider an agreement with Russia." The following indiscretion was once uttered by Chancellor Adenauer before he took office: "With whom Germany will collaborate in the future depends entirely on how the rest of western Europe stands towards Germany." Presumably, the final decision cannot be made until all the bids are in.

To some German military men, however, a German-Soviet pact on the old lines is hopelessly outdated. The main thing that interests them is to join the side that is likely to overrun Germany first. Soviet militarism is far more familiar and congenial to them than the American brand. There are no Soviet liberals to be offended by their company. The Soviets offer the best jobs and highest compensation now. Generals like von Seydlitz already made the choice in favor of Russia during the war. Colonel von Stauffenberg, who planted the bomb in the 1944 plot to kill Hitler, was fascinated by the "eastern orientation."

A third German-Soviet Pact on the model of the other two may meet resistance in Germany for reasons of nationalist power or democratic principle. So far there is much more smoke than fire, because the power is lacking. Those who reject it now because they do not feel strong enough to play dangerous games may change their minds as their strength increases. There is nothing more futile—and nowhere more so than in Germany—than to rely on people who are with us not for what they believe but for what they are paid. If we do not get our money's worth, we have only ourselves to blame.

—THEODORE DRAPER

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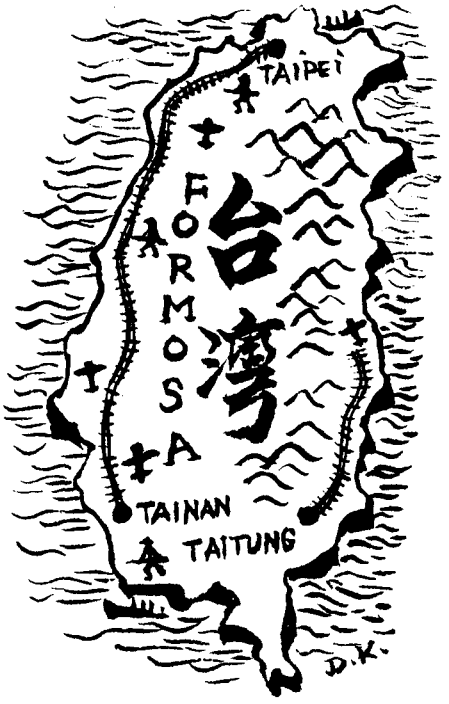
Far East

Troops and Bureaucrats on Formosa



Spring comes early on Formosa. The rich, dark earth smells sweet to the peasant. The streams flood down out of the jungle-covered mountains and race across the lowlands, where they are guided by dykes and narrow irrigation ditches. In grimy tea shops, the villagers talk cheerfully about planting.

This spring, however, is not particularly cheerful. As the stormy waters in the hundred-mile-wide strait separating the island from China gradually become calm, anxious eyes are turning westward. They look beyond the tiny fishing boats and the trading junks, searching for larger junks and ships loaded with men wearing the mustard-yellow uniforms of the Communist "People's Liberation" Army.

The crisis will come soon, if the Chinese Communists feel that Formosa is soft enough, politically and economically, for a successful invasion.

The tempo of preparation for the final battle of China's civil war has been speeding up. President Truman's decision not to give military aid or advice has only increased the fever of the Nationalist efforts to fortify Formosa. Artillery and machine-gun emplacements are being built to cover the flat beaches on the west coast. Railroad sidings are choked with supplies on their way from the docks to the assembly areas up and down the coast. The confusion is overwhelming; one recent American visitor called Formosa "the world's biggest junkyard."

In the brush- and rock-covered hills near Pingtung, in central Formosa, American-trained Nationalist officers are instructing thousands of troops in the use of the American rifles and equipment that Chiang Kai-shek has been conserving for the past year. Most of these troops are eager and in good condition (they get three meals a day instead of the customary two) but have had no combat experience. Thousands of other troops, the remnants of armies defeated on the mainland, are quartered in festering little camps dotted about the island. Dispirited and ill-conditioned, they cannot be expected to put up much resistance.

On the mainland, the Communists are making their preparations with painstaking care—as they always have before starting a major campaign. When I left Shanghai a few months ago, the Reds were converting small power-driven ships into troop transports and were recruiting specialists for their newborn navy. Now they are reportedly training amphibious assault units. The Communist air force, made up of Nationalist pilots who deserted with their planes, has never yet been in action, but it may soon be committed over Formosa.

The Communists hope that guerrilla infiltration, which is already under way, plus defections and internal revolt, will give them Formosa without too much effort. But unless the dry rot of failure, inefficiency, and political bankruptcy has completely undermined the island's defending forces, the Communists will have to fight.

Formosa could and should be easily defended. When the 232-by-92-mile island was part of the Japanese Empire, an extensive network of highways and railways was built to enable rapid movement of defending troops from one area to another. The wide expanses of level ground which stretch inland from the landing beaches are ideal for maneuver by assaulting forces, but are even better for tank attacks. The Nationalists, not the Communists, have the tanks.

The Nationalists still have a navy and an air force, weakened by defections and low morale, but still much stronger than their Communist counterparts. The Communists will have a hard time keeping their assault force supplied across the open sea in the face of Nationalist air and naval superiority. The critical question, however, is whether Chiang's air force and navy will fight in the final showdown.

When the Communists recently attacked the small island of Chinmen, southeast of Shanghai, the defending navy, air force, and ground troops cooperated so well that fifteen thousand Red Army men were reported killed or captured. Not many weeks ago, the Nationalist air force also broke up Communist staging preparations in the city of Ningpo, south of Shanghai. These operations show what the Nationalists can do at their best.

Chiang has an estimated two or three hundred thousand troops available for defense of Formosa. (The exact number cannot be determined because of hazy Nationalist statistics.) Not more than a hundred thousand, if that many, are combat effectives at the moment.

American military men state flatly

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that Chiang should reduce his army to about 150,000 well-trained and equipped men, and put all other men to work in agriculture and industry. This army, mobile, well-paid, and well-fed, could defend the island much more skillfully than a larger one. But Chiang has told subordinates he intends to invade the mainland when the Third World War breaks out, which he expects will be this year. To do that, he must keep as many troops mobilized as possible. The Generalissimo pays no attention to advisers who warn him he is destroying his economic base by excessive mobilization.

Chiang has the equipment he salvaged from Shanghai, Foochow, Tsingtao, and Canton. One shipment of 130,000 American rifles reached Formosa a few weeks before Shanghai fell. Between a hundred and two hundred U.S. tanks were purchased in South America, and some others have been shipped direct from the United States. But an American who saw the tank farm called it "just another junkyard." Chiang has sufficient gasoline to keep his air force operating for many months; grounded planes can be cannibalized for spare parts.

Other Nationalist resources, meanwhile, are dwindling rapidly. Chiang took an estimated three hundred million dollars' worth of gold to Formosa before the Communists crossed the Yangtze. A hundred million, or less, is left. He has enough silver dollars to pay his troops for a few months. ECA will continue to supply him with fertilizer, food, cotton cloth, and other items.

For two decades, Chiang Kai-shek was the most powerful man in China, but at no time did he understand that military power depends on a stable economic and political base. Today in Formosa he is making the same mistakes that brought on the mainland debacle.

Formosa, with its present population of 6,400,000 natives and perhaps a million mainlanders, is shouldering an almost unbearable burden. The provincial government has been ordered to pay half the cost of sustaining the army. In addition, Formosans and mainlanders alike are now subject to conscription, which means a reduction in the labor reserve and increased costs.

The island's economic instability may be illustrated by a few facts picked at random. The currency was reformed and stabilized last June, but since then the amount in circulation has more than tripled. In the past few months, Chiang's government has been raising money by selling government properties—land, sugar mills, and factories—that it seized from the Japanese. But to meet its debts, it relies on the printing press.

During the past few weeks the price of cloth has risen twenty-six per cent, and that of fuel fourteen per cent. Wages and the income of farmers have been frozen, and political unrest is increasing.

The Japanese formerly imported half a million tons of fertilizer each year to keep Formosa producing at a high level. The island now imports only a quarter of a million tons a year. If ECA had not provided eight million dollars' worth of fertilizer, cotton cloth, and other items last year, things would be even worse.

The Nationalist government, with technical assistance from the United States, has attempted to solve Formosa's land problem. The island was formerly as feudalistic as any part of the mainland. Most of the sugar land was held by the Japanese, and then taken over by the Chinese government as "alien property." Five hundred large landowners controlled the bulk of the island's fertile rice-producing areas. Most of the peasants own a little land, but must rent more to make a living. They were subjected to all the abuses of land tenancy—usury, heavy taxation, and forced sale of crops at low prices—that the Nationalists allowed on the mainland.

The government has now lowered land rents from sixty and seventy per cent of the crop to a new legal rate of 37½ per cent. There remains a basic problem: how to bring higher prices to the farmer to compensate for increased taxes and higher costs of living.

To make matters worse, Nationalist officials from the mainland have swarmed across the island like locusts, ruthlessly seizing land, buildings, homes, and especially jobs. Most of the schoolteachers, for instance, are now mainland Chinese. Most government offices, at all levels, are held by mainlanders who have dispossessed Formosans. The latter gave up their provincial government jobs without protest, but when the mainlanders established control at the village level, there was tremendous resentment.

Despite social and political oppression, there have been no outward signs of Formosan rebellion since February, 1947, when the Nationalists slaughtered five to ten thousand islanders who were in revolt against the corrupt and degraded provincial government. That massacre eliminated many intellectuals, teachers, and officials, and the Formosans have never recovered from this loss of leadership.

The Formosans are not pro-Communist at the moment, and they are politically weak and divided. If the economic pressures against them increase, and if they continue to have to support a bloated bureaucracy and army, it won't take much to convert them into willing tools of Mao Tse-tung. At least that is what the Communists are counting on.

—ROBERT P. MARTIN

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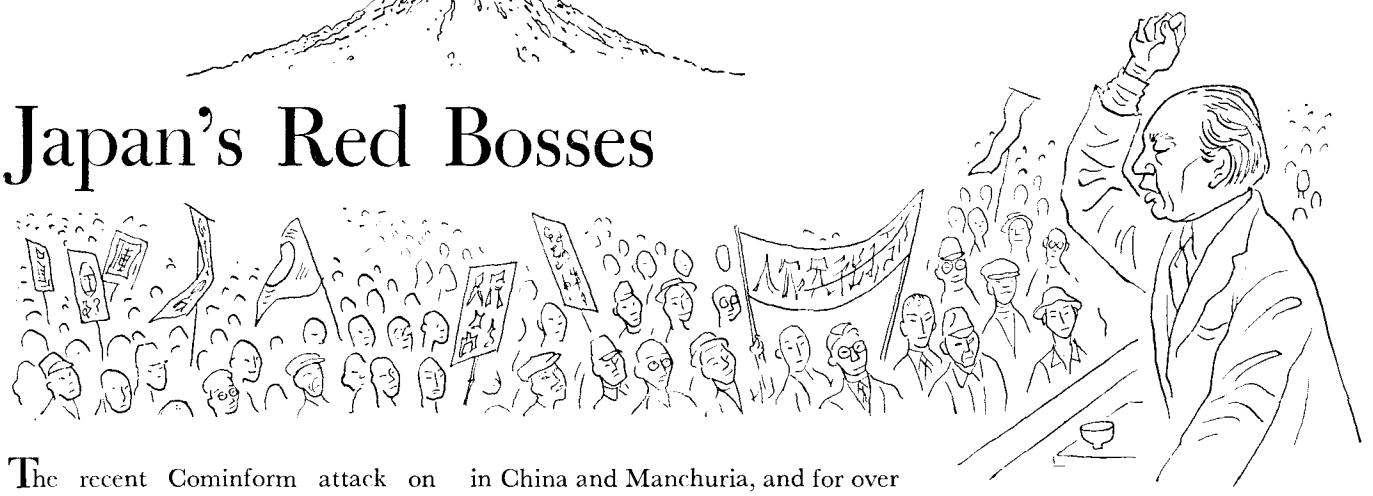
Japan's Red Bosses



Kyuichi Tokuda

The recent Cominform attack on Japan's Communist leader, Sanzo Nozaka, has spotlighted the second most important Communist Party in Asia and the man who may yet prove himself that continent's shrewdest Communist.

Nozaka's role has been further highlighted by the new Sino-Soviet treaty, according to which Russia and China will do their best "to prevent the rebirth of Japanese imperialism and the repetition of aggression on the part of Japan or any other state which directly or indirectly would unite in any form with Japan in acts of aggression." After thus warning the Japanese against the establishment of U.S. bases, the agreement advocates a Japanese peace treaty "in the shortest possible space of time," thereby providing propaganda ammunition for the Communists and others in Japan who claim that the United States and other western powers are delaying the peace.

Nozaka's recent spat with the Cominform, and his career itself, proves that, although he has no yearning to be a Tito, he does expect to be given some scope for his own judgment. The Japanese angles of the Russo-Chinese treaty are tailored to his abilities, if the Cominform will let him use them.

Nozaka is the world's only Communist leader who has worked closely with both Stalin and Mao Tse-tung. One of the founders of the Japanese Communist Party in 1922, he went to Moscow in 1931 and stayed nine years. In 1935 he attained the highest pinnacle it was then possible for a non-Russian Communist to reach: election to the executive of the Comintern. In 1940 Stalin sent him to Yenan to plan espionage and propaganda against the Japanese in China and Manchuria, and for over seven years he was a close associate of Mao Tse-tung. Since his return to Tokyo in 1946, he has been Japanese Communism's chief strategist.

Since the war, old-time Communists like Maurice Thorez of France and Palmiro Togliatti of Italy have openly groveled under the Kremlin's rebukes. When it came his turn to wear the Cominform dunce cap, Nozaka did not grovel. Instead, he got the Japanese party to expel its only Diet member who openly supported the Cominform attack, and answered the Cominform with a characteristic mixture of humility, pride, firmness, and common sense. In effect, Nozaka told the Kremlin: Don't forget we are under U.S. occupation and can't be as frankly revolutionary as you'd like. Don't forget, either, that we gained mass support in Japan by spicing Communism with nationalism.

The Japanese party statement, after paying "highest respect to the achievements of the Cominform" and admitting that "articles by Comrade Nozaka have shortcomings," flatly declared: "These shortcomings have already been overcome by Comrade Nozaka and others . . . The masses of this country do not accept the conclusion of the Cominform that Comrade Nozaka's theories are undemocratic, unsocialistic, and un-Japanese. Comrade Nozaka enjoys the confidence of the masses as the boldest patriot of the people. Conditions in Japan compel us to choose zigzag actions and words to attain our ends."

Nozaka himself then rose in the Diet to reiterate his policy of moderation. He denied that he had ever advocated violent revolution in Japan. "The daily presence of Communist deputies," he declared, "is proof that we are using the parliamentary process and not plotting illegal measures."

These are most remarkable words from a veteran Communist, especially after a Moscow assault on him as "a servant of the imperialist occupiers." Nozaka had obviously decided that he must take a moderate course or go underground. He calculated that the Japanese Communists could be much more effective in the open. He was thinking not only of the occupation authorities and the Japanese Government of Premier Shigeru Yoshida, both of which are ready to pounce on the Communists at the first hint of subversive activities. He also had very much in mind the many Japanese who are taken in by the old party tactic of pretending to be more nationalist than Communist. Finally, he did not want to lose the backing of certain minor parties and labor unions.

After the Cominform denunciation, Soji Okada, the leader of the Farmers' Party, said: "If the Communist Party should resume activities to force a revolution by violence and an anti-American struggle, the farmers will desert the Communist Party." Similar warnings came from fellow-traveling union leaders.

So Nozaka has good reason to stay moderate. The five interviews I have had with him in the past year show how skillfully he has made his seeming moderation pay off.

Nozaka wants no direct showdown

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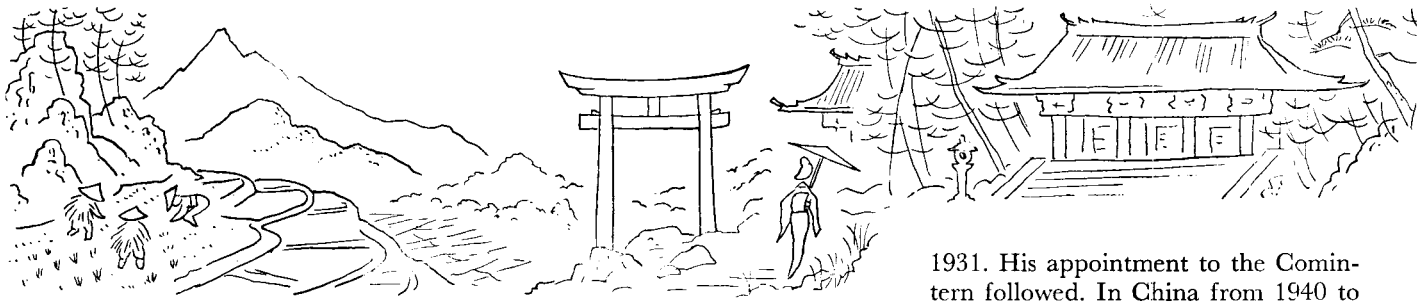


with the government because the Communists can achieve so much by indirect means. The 1949-1950 national budget, the first balanced one since the war, tightened almost every belt in Japan. Last April, occupation authorities declared that unless the budget were balanced, U.S. economic aid (well over four hundred million dollars in the past year) would spur inflation instead of helping Japan recover along ECA lines. Balancing the budget meant increased taxes, the dismissal of several hundred thousand government workers, the end of state subsidies to manufacturers and exporters, and a general halt in wage raises.

Without such drastic measures, Japan—which must import about one-fourth of the food for its eighty-one million people and about half the raw materials for its factories—can never again become self-supporting. This fact is well realized, but the belt-tightening process caused enough unrest to give the Communists an opening.

"We can use the people's discontent," Nozaka told me. "Where workers are to be discharged, we oppose it. . . . Farmers are running into debt because of low government prices for their forced food deliveries; they like our support of higher prices. Many merchants and businessmen are suffering from high taxes, so they join our mass demonstrations for low taxes. And no other party in Japan has anything like our thorough cultural and educational program."

Certainly no other party has so far called public attention to the Communists' worst shortcoming: duplicity. The Communists are for low rice prices in the city, and high prices on the farms. In the city they advocate a big compulsory rice delivery, and in the country a small rice delivery. They are for big taxes on business when talking to workers and for small taxes on everyone when talking to businessmen. They are for increased social services for the workers—at less cost to workers. They are for keeping surplus workers on government payrolls—and yet for cutting taxes. No Japanese has effectively exposed these familiar evidences of Communist cynicism.

Nozaka's shrewd special pleading to the interests of every Japanese group is reinforced by constant emphasis on two main party lines: The Red victory in China heralds Asia's wave of the future; and the United States and the ECA countries are heading for an early economic collapse. Both lines impress many non-Communist Japanese.

In 1929, just before the militarists drove them underground, Japan's Communists reached their prewar peak membership—less than three thousand. In 1949, they polled three million votes—just over ten per cent of the total—and won thirty-five out of 466 Diet seats.

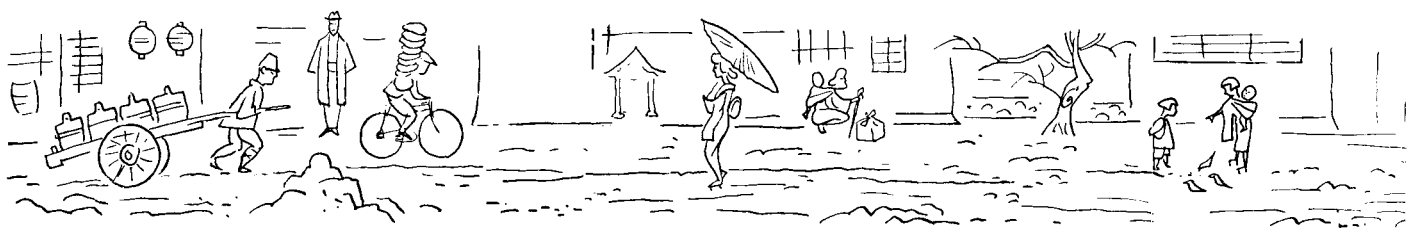
Nozaka, more than anyone else, is responsible for these gains. He looks and talks like the professor he could have been; he graduated second in his class at Keio University in Tokyo and was offered a post on its faculty. Instead, he became a union organizer; in 1919 he went to England and Russia for further study, became a Communist, and returned to help found the Japanese Communist Party. After three jail terms he fled to Russia in 1931. His appointment to the Comintern followed. In China from 1940 to 1946 it was he who chose the lines taken in propaganda directed at Japan. Then, as now, he insisted that he knew Japanese psychology better than any Russian or Chinese.

Nozaka shares the party's leadership with Kyuichi Tokuda, who was in a political prison for sixteen years until General MacArthur ordered him freed in 1945. Tokuda is a fiery orator, Nozaka a cool planner. Tokuda concentrates on the workers, Nozaka on businessmen and the middle class generally.

Nozaka is a well-tailored, well-barbered man whose shirt, tie, handkerchief, and socks always match. His only sartorial concession to the working class is a gray cloth cap. His calm speeches, like his clothes, attract the bourgeois. "Japan," he has said, "must trade with the rest of Asia to survive. The rest of Asia is going Communist. Trust us and you will find that we favor business."

Tokuda and Nozaka make an effective team, but there is no doubt which is the master. Nozaka did not return from exile until 1946. In the interim after the war ended, Tokuda tried to take aggressive action on his own. He led huge demonstrations against the Cabinet and the Emperor, hoping to oust both and establish a left-wing government. By the time of the 1947 election, these tactics had aroused so much suspicion that the party won only four Diet seats. Its ninefold increase—to thirty-five seats in 1949 came after it had adopted Nozaka's tactics of patience and moderation.

Of course, Communists will be Communists, and Nozaka's supporters are not always moderate. Last summer they tried beating up a few policemen. In one foray, a Communist mob



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stormed through the town of Taira, north of Tokyo, seized and held the police station for eight hours, freed a Communist prisoner, and jailed the police. The pretext was a police ruling that Communist placards could not be posted in the Taira railway station. When the nearby city of Koriyama rushed its police to Taira, two hundred Communist demonstrators stormed the Koriyama police station and occupied it for a few hours. It was a well-coordinated test of local police strength.

The U.S. Army did not interfere in any of last summer's disturbances, and the Communists soon stopped them because they found they were losing more popular support than they gained. They resumed their more passive tactics, such as encouraging farmers to neglect compulsory food deliveries. The farmers, though few are Communists, consider such advice good, because they can sell their crops for much more money on the black market. By last December, farmers had turned in only 38.9 per cent of their rice and 63.5 per cent of their sweet potato quota, compared to 52 per cent of the rice and 85.8 per cent of the sweet potato quota on the same date the previous year.

Such lags in food deliveries not only discredit the government and lower the rations for city dwellers, but also increase black marketing and the cost of living. The Communists profit, just as they do from encouraging city workers to demand the full letter of their rights. "We encourage the workers to indulge in slowdowns, hunger strikes, and every sort of labor dispute that the law allows." Nozaka told me. "These tactics can be very effective."

The Communists also rely on the fact that every Japanese knows how hard it will be for the country to recover without a large trade with Communist China. "Premier Yoshida says, 'Whether China is red or blue, trade is trade.' " Nozaka remarked. "We Communists are quite willing to go along. We have organized the China-Japan Trade Promotion Association. Of course the Chinese Communists will be most inclined to trade with those groups which the Japanese Communists recommend. We would not recommend the *zaibatsu,* like Mitsui. But we will approve of quite big Japanese businessmen to trade with China if they meet our character test. Many businessmen have already approached me in this matter."

The base of Communist strength is amazingly broad, considering the small size of the party itself. Since the secret police kept Communists on the run until 1945, the Japanese have never developed the partial immunity to Communism which other countries acquire through doses of anti-toxin from disillusioned ex-Communists.

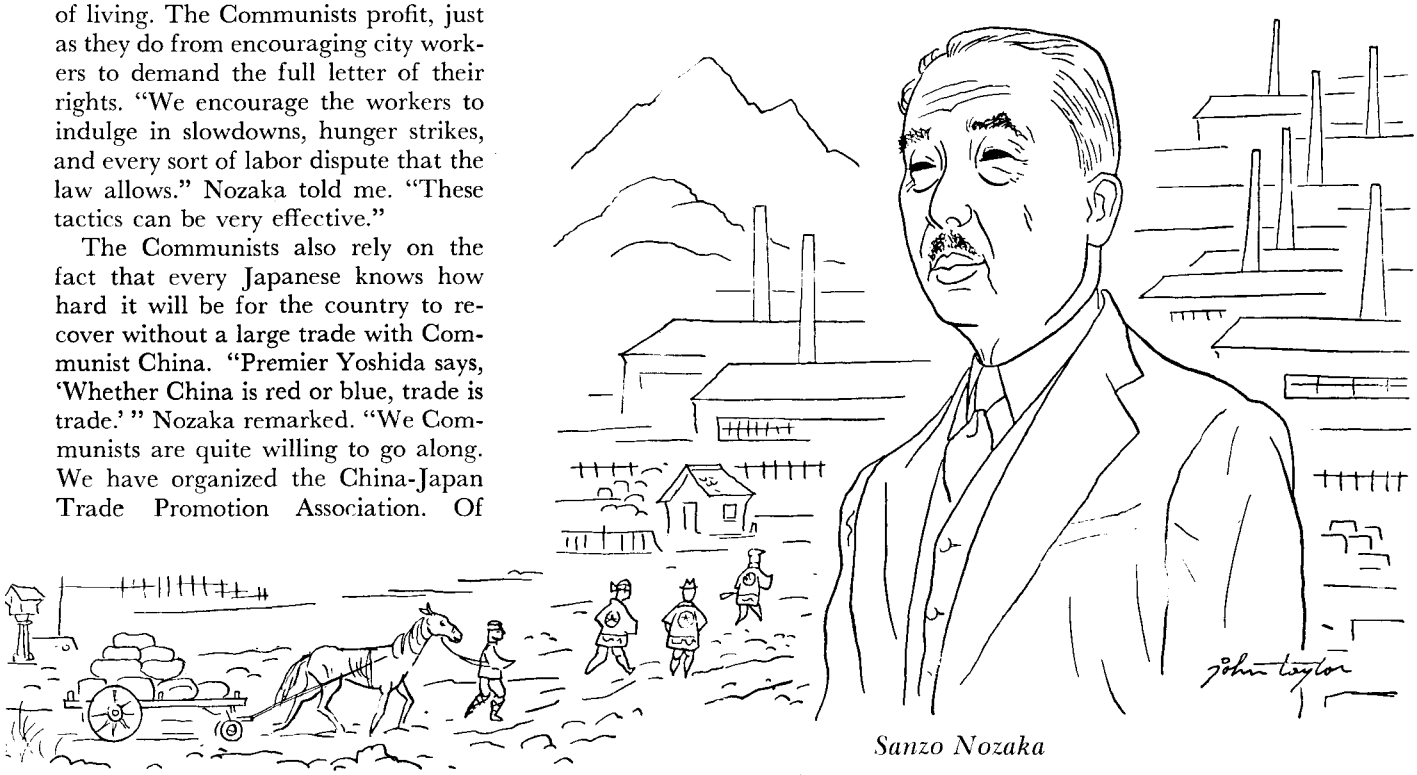
By refusing to knuckle under to Moscow, Nozaka still may be able to influence non-Communist Japanese, who would never follow the lead of a party they considered a foreign puppet. But he has been equally careful to make no open break with Moscow. Soon after his semi-rejection of the Cominform, he backed the Soviets on two unpopular issues. The first was that of the Kurile Islands, which Stalin got at Yalta, and nearly all Japanese would like to have back. The second was the Moscow demand that Emperor Hirohito be tried as a war criminal.

Nozaka will seek to make up for this by challenging recent American moves that alarm various Japanese groups. Among these are the U.S. decision to make the hydrogen bomb; the recent visit of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to Japan (the Communists said, "This shows how American imperialists look on Japan as a colony"); and the reported American drive for a Japanese peace treaty without Russian or Chinese Communist participation—a plan that is questioned even by many Japanese conservatives, who are worried about trade with Communist China.

If the Communists took over Japan, they could speed up the party's program for Asia immensely. But Nozaka thinks that his party would be set back years, and perhaps decades, if it were to adopt the open revolutionary tactics that the Cominform demands.

Nobody knows better than Nozaka that the Communists in Japan are still a minority. "Compared to the rest of Japan," Nozaka told me, "we are now merely the dash of *wasabi* [horse-radish] which flavors the *sashimi* [raw fish]. We must become the *sashimi,* too." Meanwhile, Nozaka will keep right on mixing in the horse-radish.

—Samuel G. Welles



Sanzo Nozaka

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A New Disaster in Asia?

In its issue of February 28, The Reporter *published an article entitled "Viet Nam—Roadblock to Communism," by Samuel G. Welles, which concluded that Bao Dai's régime in Indo-China is essentially nationalist and not French and that U. S. recognition and support of Bao represented a correct policy. In the following article Harold Isaacs presents a sharply dissenting view.* The Reporter's *stand on Indo-China is set forth on Page 1 of this issue.*

For a short time it appeared that the State Department had learned something about Asia from the Communist victory in China. In a speech on January 12, Secretary Acheson warned against the further "folly of ill-conceived adventures" and against obsession "with military considerations." He said it was a mistake to think the United States could "furnish the loyalty of a people to its government." He also said that future American policy would have to be marked by greater humility and greater understanding of two basic facts of life in Asia today: the "revulsion against the acceptance of misery and poverty as the normal condition of life" and the "revulsion against foreign domination."

But a single speech does not make a policy. Four weeks after Mr. Acheson's remarks, the United States recognized the government of Bao Dai, set up by the French in Viet Nam, formerly Indo-China. It prepared to commit itself to political, economic, and military support of that régime as an anti-Communist bulwark.

This act of policy and the ideas expressed in Mr. Acheson's speech are utterly incompatible. With it the United States embarked upon another ill-conceived adventure doomed to end in another self-inflicted defeat. It will not help the United States in its struggle against Communism. It will help the Communists in their struggle against the United States. It has already driven a new wedge between the United States and the other countries of South Asia. If the United States now involves itself in the Viet Namese civil war, that gulf will widen. The real problem is not how to implement this policy but how to extricate ourselves from it.

There is a whole history of events and conflicts, of lost and ignored opportunities, which have gone into the making of this situation. We are paying the price for that history now. But the core of the matter is that by this policy decision, the United States accepts Bao Dai as the representative of true Viet Namese nationalism. It accepts his government as capable of serving the needs of the people, achieving full Viet Namese independence, and holding this vital corner of Asia secure against Communist inroads. Unfortunately, not one of these assumptions is valid.

The major content of Asian politics, as Mr. Acheson acknowledged, is the revulsion against foreign domination. This was decisive in China. It is decisive throughout the continent in determining the attitudes and behavior of people. In Viet Nam, foreign domination is represented by the French Army, which has been trying vainly for four years to reassert French control. Bao Dai is wholly dependent on that French Army. He will stand only if the French Army succeeds in reconquering the country, which it cannot do without military assistance on a large scale from the United States. In other words, this new American policy is dependent upon the victory of a French Army in Indo-China. This is a consummation that no self-respecting Asian—Communist, non-Communist, or anti-Communist—can wish for at the present time. He has to oppose it or else abdicate not only self-respect but hope of popular political support.

Bao Dai's government can by no stretch of any imagination be described as independent. All the hotly-debated legal and political criteria for diplomatic recognition went down the drain for this one. By the agreements between France and Bao Dai concluded in March, 1949, and ratified in Paris on February 2 this year, Viet Nam's foreign policy is placed "under the direction and responsibility of the government of the French Republic." Viet Nam is permitted by these agreements to send diplomatic missions only to the Holy See, China (or India), and Siam. French diplomatic missions elsewhere may have Viet Namese attachés authorized to correspond with their own government, but only in French, and under the eyes of French superiors. A French Army is to be permanently stationed in Viet Nam. Viet Namese forces are to be commanded by a French general in wartime, and controlled by a "joint" military committee at other times. This sort of "independence" extends to the fiscal, economic, and cultural spheres.

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The French Army today holds about one-fifth of the territory of the country. In guerrilla war, territorial gains and losses are fluid, but it is acknowledged that the French control only strips of the coast, the main roads and railroads (under constant harassing attacks), and portions of the main river valleys.

Finally, consider Bao Dai himself as a center of attraction for freedom-loving Viet Namese. This man was raised from the cradle to serve the French as puppet emperor of Annam, one of the three main subdivisions of the country. He "reigned" dutifully under French governors from 1932 to 1945. When the French bowed to the Japanese in 1941 and allowed Japan to use their colony as a military base, Bao Dai "ruled" with equal docility under a Japanese general. In August, 1945, the Viet Minh guerrillas came down from the hills, and, on a wave of vast popular enthusiasm, proclaimed the Republic of Viet Nam. Bao Dai abdicated, with a public apology to the people "because of the thought of the twenty years of our reign during which it was impossible for us to render any appreciable service to our country." He fled to the cabarets of Hong Kong, where correspondents listened to his views on flesh, both female and horse.

Meanwhile in Viet Nam, occupying British forces and a handful of French, in co-operation with surrendered Japanese troops, tried vainly to crush the nationalist movement. This task was later taken over by French forces, which arrived in American-flag vessels and were equipped with American weapons. The nationalist movement was a coalition of many parties, including all colors of the political spectrum, with the Communists a small but important minority. The undisputed leader was and is Ho Chi Minh, a lifelong nationalist leader, as well as a Communist of many years' standing. In 1945 he announced that the Indo-Chinese Communist party was dissolved. He spoke scornfully of both the French Communists and the Russians, and insisted he was interested only in Viet Namese independence.

The French first came to agreement with Ho, in March, 1946, but, as their subsequent behavior showed, it was only to enable them to crush him. The French tried repeatedly to set up a puppet régime. Several were erected and fell apart, but Bao Dai was finally propped into position. Britain's Southeast Asian Commissioner General, Malcolm Macdonald, and U.S. Ambassador Philip Jessup came and viewed him approvingly. The French finally succeeded in playing upon American anti-Communist fears and European political considerations to the point of winning Anglo-American endorsement of Bao Dai. This was a victory for the French but a defeat for hopes of an improved American position in South Asia.

The French say that Bao Dai has been winning adherents away from Ho Chi Minh. These assertions have been accepted as fact by American diplomats in Paris and by Messrs. Macdonald and Jessup. But they have not been supported by any independent political intelligence. On the contrary, Christopher Rand reported to the New York *Herald Tribune* from Saigon on March 14 that there had been no such defections, and that many important non-Viet Minh leaders are refusing to support Bao Dai.

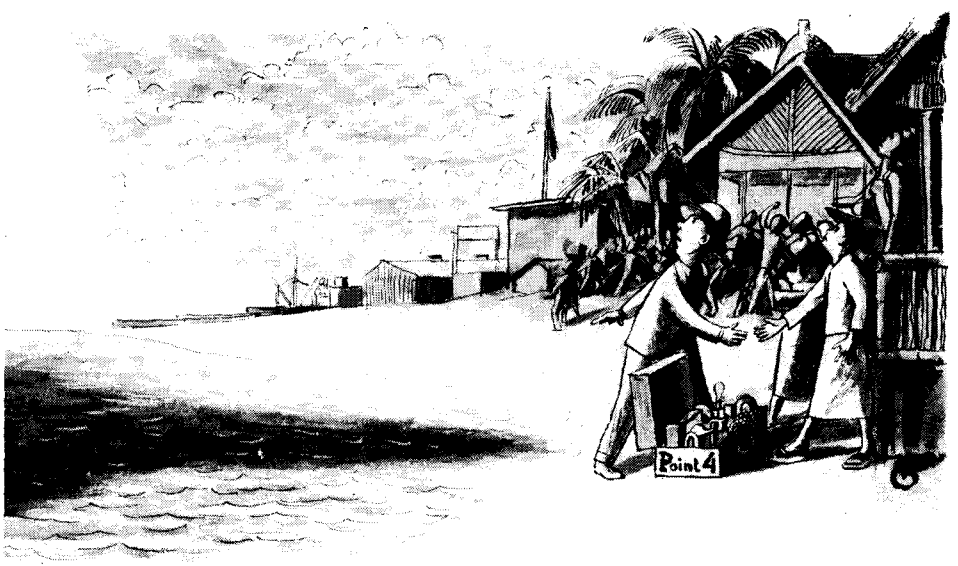
The fact is that Bao Dai has never enjoyed any popular support. The groups around him comprise a small minority of religious zealots, landowners, and camp-followers of the French. Together they cower behind a French Army that consists of about seventy thousand Frenchmen, about forty thousand Moroccans and Africans, and some twenty thousand German troops, recruited right out of Hitler's *Wehrmacht* into the French Foreign Legion via the prison camps. This is the political-military combination on which the United States has placed its bets to thwart Communism in Southeast Asia.

Even this effort comes pathetically late. The area of possible decision was wide enough in 1945-1946, when the United States could have changed the whole course of events in Asia by supporting Asian nationalism. Instead it chose, in the case of Indo-China, to help shoehorn the French back into their ex-colony. Since that time every act of the French and the United States has served to drive the Viet Namese into the Russian-Chinese Communist orbit. Now the United States has finally acted in a way that betrays either panic or incredible myopia or both.

Consider first the military position. American military intelligence has uniformly reported pessimistically on the chances of French victory in Indo-China. One estimate was that with a supply of ten thousand automatic weapons, Ho Chi Minh could drive the French into the sea in ninety days.

Now the French are busily totting up what they want initially from the United States—thirty million dollars' worth, the Paris dispatches say, of transport planes, vehicles, and road-building and communications equipment. This comes after the French have been spending about three hundred million a year in Indo-China for three years without effective result. How many times thirty million in American aid will be needed? And how long does anybody think the job will take?

For the other side will not be idle. Ho Chi Minh's regular army is esti-



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mated at eighty thousand, with anywhere up to a hundred thousand supporting irregulars, and beyond them a willing and organized population. Now he can certainly count on aid from the Chinese, perhaps more aid than he will want. Ho, by all the evidence, has the support of great masses of the population. This is not seriously disputed, even by the French, who say they want now to "win" the people over to Bao Dai. But Ho has the most invincible weapon of all, the feeling of the people that the thing worth fighting for in Viet Nam today is the defeat of the French as a first step toward freedom.

Let it be remembered that no foreign army has been successful anywhere in Asia once this feeling has gripped people. Japan occupied many countries but never conquered any people; no foreign army has been able to win and hold any significant territory in Asia since the turn of the century. Present American policy is trying to resist this irresistible historical trend.

But assume for a moment that the military objective can be gained, that enough power can be provided by the United States to ensure a French victory. What do you have then? Military mastery of a devastated and hostile country. The only people who can regard this as an asset are those "obsessed with military considerations."

Win or lose in the military sphere, the political defeat is assured in advance. We will not dwell here on the chances of major embroilment with China or the danger of being unable to localize the war in Indo-China. We will consider rather the immediate political victory this hands the Communists everywhere.

Ambassador Jessup tried to explain to sharp questioners in Jakarta, New Delhi, and Karachi that it is a "misinterpretation" to say that the United States is supporting western colonialism by backing the French through Bao Dai. But it is not a misinterpretation. It is a fact—enough of a fact to relieve the Communists of any need for lying in their propaganda for Asia.

And if there were any lingering doubts of this, they were dispelled by the American "show of strength" over Indo-China with carrier planes and off the coast with naval vessels from March 17 to 20. This was precisely the tactic calculated to characterize American action as not merely misguided but brutally stupid. It is a reversion to the notion that the only thing the heathen understands is force. Was the demonstration designed to tell the Viet Namese: "Bao Dai, or else"? Or else what? Were the carrier planes supposed to suggest that the alternative is bombs? Since when has it been possible to think that a major political solution can be rammed down the throats of any Asian people or, in Mr. Acheson's words, that any outsiders can "furnish the loyalty of a people to its government?"

This is not merely a matter of the Communists' reaction to our policy. It is a matter of all nationalist-minded Asians. How can we convince Asians who have just emerged from their own liberation struggles that support of the French Army in Viet Nam is the way for Viet Nam to achieve freedom?

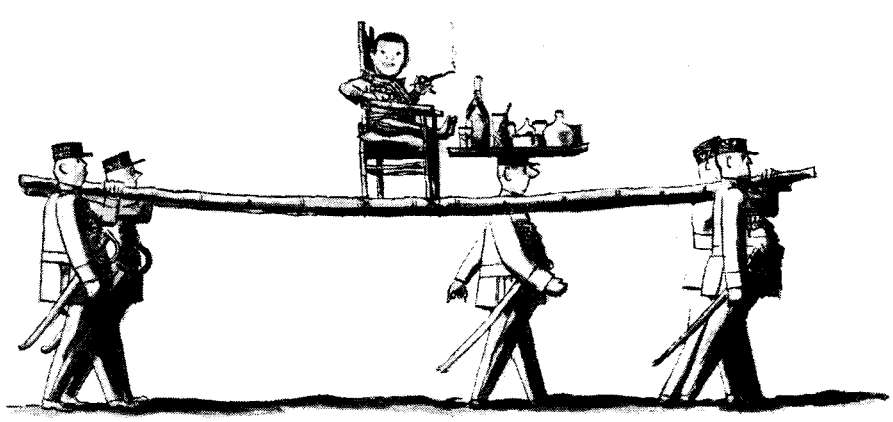
A wedge in fact has been driven between the United States and the nations of South Asia on this issue. India has made it plain it will not go along with Bao Dai. Indonesia, with a hundred million dollars' worth of reasons to be friendly toward the United States, has rebuffed strong American pressure to make it go along. Prime Minister Mohammed Hatta bluntly told Ambassador Merle Cochran that Indonesia could not and would not support a French puppet in Indo-China. Conservative Pakistan is understood to have shown the same attitude. Even the Philippines has hedged. The little clique of politicians who rule Thailand hesitated for two weeks under heavy American pressure and finally broke, at the cost of a Cabinet crisis and the resignation of the Foreign Minister.

The American economic missions now fanning out over South Asia are crudely trying to dangle carrots in front of hungry politicians who will obviously try to snatch the carrots without getting hitched to the French chariot in Viet Nam. This, to put it mildly, does not provide any basis for firm and friendly American partnerships in South Asia. The Bao Dai adventure has furnished proof that association with the United States means association with imperialist power, complete with an invading French army in Indo-China and threatening American planes overhead. The result is confusion and threatened splits among those Asian nationalists who most want to be America's friends. The result is American isolation.

One may well ask how the United States could let itself in for this disastrous prospect. The answers are bleak. This policy is the result of simple anti-Communist panic. It is also the direct result of seeing Asian problems through European eyes and making no real attempt to know what they look like through Asian eyes.

To accept the judgment of American diplomats in Paris, and of Malcolm Macdonald, who thinks in terms of Britain's desire to hold on to Malaya, the State Department had to consider France and French interests, not Viet Nam and Viet Namese interests. It had to ignore the best available American political and military intelligence from Southeast Asia. It had to ignore the views of India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Burma, and the Philippines.

It is a tragic fact that there is not a single American official of policy-making rank in the State Department today who is in a position to view Asian problems from any kind of mature background, knowledge, and experience with Asian affairs and Asian peoples. But it is not merely a matter



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of inadequate knowledge of Asia. It is also a stubborn refusal to face the new facts of Communist world politics.

When Russia recognized Ho Chi Minh's government, the State Department leaped into print with the statement that this proved Ho's "true position as an agent of world Communism." That was on January 31. On February 7, the Cominform issued a specific warning to all Asian Communists "to display particular vigilance" against the pitfalls of Titoism. Then on February 21 came the startling announcement that in apparent defiance of both Peking and Moscow, Ho Chi Minh had asked for and received recognition from Tito.

Subsequent broadcasts over the Viet Minh radio attacking Tito have suggested at least the possibility of a sharp conflict over this issue between Ho and the orthodox Communists in his own camp. No one can be sure until more facts are known. The meaning of all this has to be explored further as events unfold, but the United States evidently intends to do its exploring from behind French lines.

To retrieve now will not be easy. In San Francisco on March 15, Mr. Acheson repeated that American policy in Asia has to mean American identification with Asian revolutionary aspirations. These are fine words. But when Mr. Acheson goes on to identify Bao Dai with these aspirations, he traps himself in self-deception.

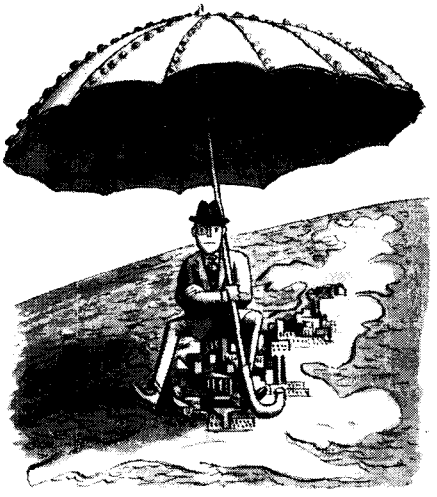
To escape from this trap the United States has to: (1) stop looking at Viet Nam through French eyes and see it through Asian eyes; (2) avoid further hopeless embroilment by witholding arms shipments to the French; (3) stop pressuring the other South Asian nations to accept Bao Dai; (4) explore other channels of escape, possibly by joining other South Asian nations in a more effective attempt to get at the facts and devise a common policy.

This is admittedly clutching at a dangling rope. For the plain fact is that the United States, having missed the boat in Indo-China, has jumped off the end of the dock into water over its head. It would do well to come up spluttering and try to make it back to the dock. For otherwise it will either go down, or else, supposing it can swim, it may not touch dry land again until it reaches the shores of Africa.

—Harold R. Isaacs

Britain

The 'Air Victory' Chimera



Out of scattered clouds on the cool morning of June 13, 1917, fourteen German Gotha bombers sped over London at almost ninety miles an hour. Twelve gun stations in the city, and six outside, threw up a "heavy barrage"; ninety-four British fighters went up; but not one Gotha was destroyed. Slightly over three tons of bombs were dropped, most of them twenty-five pounders. One of the few hundred-pounders used struck squarely in Liverpool Street Station, causing most of the 594 casualties in greater London. This was the most deadly city bombing raid of the First World War. Strategic air war—attacking an "area target in an urban industrial center"—had begun.

Allied public opinion was loud in condemnation of the "unspeakable Hun." Reprisals were demanded and prosecution of the "war criminals" called for.

The clamor caused the War Cabinet to call upon its air adviser, General Jan Christian Smuts, for a report. His document stated publicly for the first time the doctrine of invincible air power that has so strongly influenced British military policy ever since.

General Smuts declared that no one who witnessed the German attack should doubt that the air arm "could be used as an independent means of war operations" with "absolutely no limit." "The day may not be far off when aerial operations with their . . . destruction of industrial and populous centers on a vast scale may become the principal operations of war, to which military and naval operations become subordinate."

Few pronouncements have had such far-reaching effects. In April, 1918, Britain created a separate air force—the world's first—and was committed, albeit unknowingly, to the now-famed strategic-bombing concept. The doctrines of Douhet and Mitchell were not popularized until several years later.

Unaccompanied by the publicity accorded General Smuts's pronouncement, the German General Staff had, three years before, reached similar—and more precise—conclusions. But the Kaiser's approval of aerial-bombardment warfare—at least in its indiscriminate "area" form—was not obtained. Sporadic smaller raids were sanctioned grudgingly, with express provisos that "only objectives of military importance be bombed." Speaking for a forgotten world, a Zeppelin commander left on record his feeling that "London, so precious a possession of civilized human kind, could not be destroyed without necessity."

But incendiary machine-gun bullets from fighter planes soon eliminated the hydrogen-filled Zeppelins as weapons of war. The Gothas took over.

The new raiders' initial success alarmed the British government out of all proportion to the danger, and occasioned Smuts's "air-minded" doctrine. The fact that the disorganization of British defenses was the real basis of Gotha achievements was ignored.

The Germans, however, learned the lesson. Their belief in strategic bombing as a direct path to victory was

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abandoned. The British government, on the contrary, had swallowed the entire concept and made haste to impress the idea upon its people.

An island that had not known invasion since 1066 had been attacked by air. A kingdom that had for centuries relied on a navy was torn with forebodings of the decline of sea power. The inevitable British reaction was to seek strength elsewhere: in the air. To the British government, as to its wartime adviser Jan Smuts, air power meant bombers.

At the end of the war the Royal Air Force expanded its independent status. The hitherto sacred Royal Navy was only grudgingly permitted what proved, two decades later, to be an all-too-small Fleet Air Arm.

In 1922 the Smuts thesis had what was hailed as its first "test." A tribal war in Iraq was swiftly ended by the R.A.F.'s "strategic bombing." Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris remarked some twenty years later: "The idea was a natural one for a country which has never maintained an army of Continental proportions, has a large empire which must be defended as cheaply as possible, and has in the past largely won its wars by the strategic use of sea power working as an independent weapon; the same principle of strategy that made England a sea power in the past had only to be applied to the new weapon which had rendered obsolete the old one . . ."

Cheap security became the watchword of the MacDonald Government, and the defense policies of the Baldwin and Chamberlain ministries suffered accordingly. In the early 1930's the British people would not tolerate the costly expansion of long-neglected armed forces. Yet by 1934 the threat of Nazi might was becoming apparent. Desperately seeking a compromise, Britain reaffirmed its faith in strategic bombing.

Even the paltry sums then spent were based on faulty strategy. To match Nazi air strength, the British planned an R.A.F. of fifty-two squadrons, thirty-four of bombers, only eighteen of "fighters and observation."

Inherent in the doctrine implied by Smuts and developed in detail by Douhet was the premise that Britain must strike the first lightning blow. But few seem to have grasped the essential absurdity of this. The doctrine utterly ignored Britain's national character, which made a first-blow war impossible. Britain failed even to provide sufficient force for a real offensive of the very kind it advocated.

The Spitfire and Hurricane squadrons that won the Battle of Britain were equipped in spite of British "strategic" air-power exponents. The Air Ministry did not even chide its Chief of Air Staff when he called the airplane a "shockingly bad weapon of defense."

Marshal Harris of Bomber Command proudly recounts that the R.A.F. "during the summer and autumn of 1940 . . . began the strategic bombing of German industries . . ." Late in May, 1940, while the British Army staggered back on Dunkirk, the R.A.F. "bombed oil installations in northwest Germany." On the twenty-fourth of that month, with the evacuation poised on the brink of disaster, "we bombed an important power station near Leipzig." A week later, as the battered flotilla finally departed from the shores of France, "the Badische Anilin factory was attacked."

Marshal Harris and the Air Ministry saw no similarity to fiddling while Rome burned. Apparently the marshal still decried the effort diverted to fighter defense and tactical-support squadrons.

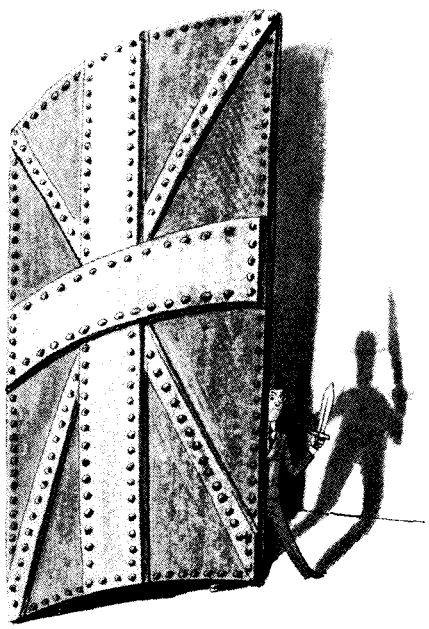
In his book, *Bomber Offensive,* the marshal attributed his lack of absolute success to inadequate forces, although he admitted unforeseen difficulties, such as the fact that it was hard to identify targets and even harder to hit them.

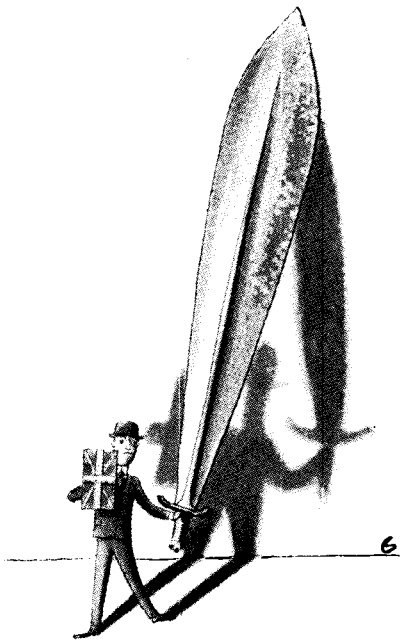
Britain's persistence in its strategic bombing offensive against Germany during 1941-1942 (the United States accepted the principle whole-hog at Casablanca in 1943) has been justified ad nauseam as the Allies' only means of striking back during this period.

There was actually stubborn refusal to learn by experience. The Luftwaffe's primary objective—operations in support of the German Army—helped gain Europe for Hitler and smashed British forces in Norway, Belgium, and Greece. Bomber enthusiasts ignored or misinterpreted the Luftwaffe's defeat over England. Actually, that defeat had been the first out-of-character action for Goering's fliers—an action *as an independent air force.* The failure of this abortive German venture into strategic air war served to obscure the fact that the marriage of air and surface power had sired Hitler's real military triumphs.

Whether or not the United States government influenced Churchill's War Ministry to accept the necessity for a continental invasion is immaterial. Both governments and their people went on yearning for "cheap victory through air power," meaning only that feature of air power termed strategic bombing.

At last, the weight of military evidence made the invasion of Europe imperative. This operation demanded





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the use of air power in direct tactical support of the invasion effort. Victory resulted—not victory through air power or any other specific type of power—but victory through combined efforts of superior forces effectively used against the enemy will to resist.

Histories already confuse the true picture. The much-talked-about, but little-read, U. S. Strategic Bombing Survey Reports contain cold comfort for adherents of strategic bombing. P. M. S. Blackett, General J. F. C. Fuller, and Bernard Brodie have exploited them effectively to refute the self-bestowed praise of Allied air-force spokesmen, official and otherwise. But the public does not study learned tomes. It reads headlines. There strategic bombing is king as never before, having adroitly taken unto its own the scientific conquest of atomic fission.

The grim stories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki become sagas of strategic bombing, while the shade of the strategic bombing "victory" over the defenseless Iraqis grins sardonically. The Japanese cities lay under the deadly shadow of complete hostile air superiority. Their ground defense was negligible; their air defense nonexistent.

Could the experience there be regarded as a criterion for dealing with a foe whose heartland lies more than a thousand miles behind a frontier replete with warning nets, backed by immense strength in jet fighters, and possessing ground defenses of unknown potentialities?

Strategic air offensives are potent—but not invincible—weapons. Remember "the few" who saved Britain, and the terrible losses sustained by American bombers at Ploesti and over Schweinfurt.

Atomic bombing brings to the fore new problems, but not completely new principles, of warfare. First of all, defenses against atomic bombers must be more nearly perfect, particularly in nations like Britain, where vital targets are concentrated in a small area.

Failure to perfect air defenses to the utmost of a nation's scientific skill and military efficiency is risking disaster—most surely so for democracies that are bound to a defensive strategy at the start of hostilities. Can we continue to ride blindly down a single-track strategy to disaster?

—William R. Kintner

Alcohol

The Liquid Capitalists

Many people rejoice that free enterprise is on its last legs; others mourn it as already dead. Meanwhile, in a great hinterland area comprising parts of at least fourteen states, hundreds of thousands of alert free enterprisers go on their prosperous and independent way, rejecting with equal firmness government subsidy on the one hand and government interference on the other. Both the statistics and the troubles of the industry which these men run are almost completely ignored by the nation's press.

This lack of information cannot be blamed on the newspapers. It is due partially to the passion for silence and anonymity of the businessmen involved, and even more to the nature of their business: They are the country's independent distillers, in other words, manufacturers of moonshine whiskey. They typify free enterprise at its freest, private business at its most private, and risk capital at its riskiest.

The report that follows is unavoidably fragmentary in some respects. It is based on the research of a number of field men sent out last July, nearly fifty per cent of whom have so far failed to return.

General description: The manufacture of moonshine whiskey depends upon a happy combination of agriculture and industry. The manufacturers come from a long line of self-sufficient people; they pay high wages and take high profits; strikes are unknown; they pay no attention to personnel work, public relations, industrial compensation, seniority, amortization, dividends, and very little to the Federal income-tax law.

Our field men have reported a total of 102,028 independently-owned stills operating in about half a million square miles of very irregular terrain in at least fourteen states. These stills employ an estimated total of 306,084 technical personnel, to which must be added the peripheral and seasonal employment of about a hundred thousand additional people, including old men, boys, truckmen, local sheriffs, policemen, and lookouts. The average wage for regular employees is about twenty dollars per day. Promotion is strictly through the ranks.

The industry is unique in that it operates largely in the open air, although in some areas management prefers houses, barns, chicken coops, and other outbuildings. It is almost entirely home-owned, with practically no outstanding debts, if we exclude unremitted fines, delinquent taxes, and other accounts unsettled with the government. There are no stockholders. Holding companies tend to be dissolved by rifle-fire. Mortgages against industrial equipment are practically unknown, and often neither owners nor management can show a clear title to the property. Management not infrequently seems to prefer placing its operations along creeks or beside springs where land claims are in dispute, thus making it difficult to determine exact location and ownership.

Our investigators estimate that during the past fiscal year, the over three hundred thousand industrial personnel produced something like 434,471,475 gallons of liquor (a figure somewhat arbitrarily arrived at by estimating the potential capacity of the industry and dividing by two). They worked on a staggered schedule, due partly to the precepts of folklore and partly to the movements of the small group of Federal agents operating within this five-hundred-thousand-square-mile area. Total production capacity is estimated at 868,942,950 gallons. The wholesale

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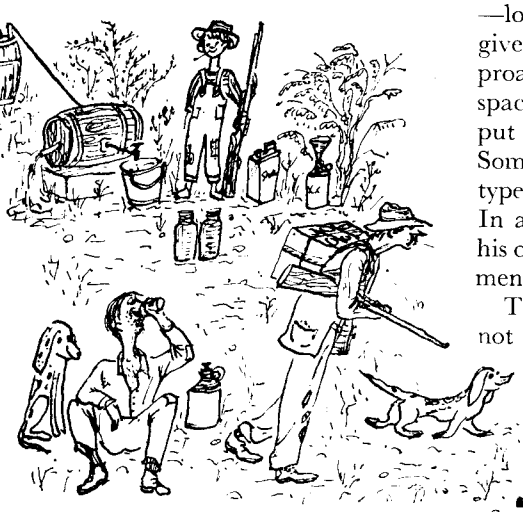
value of the liquor sold averages about four to eight dollars per gallon. This year shows an increase of thirty per cent over last, and next year looks good.

So much for the production division, which is the most leisurely phase of the business.

The wholesale and retail distribution phase of the business is carried on much as in Prohibition days. Alert sales departments promptly expand operations into any county which dries up through local option. In Kentucky, the present lineup is ninety-two counties dry and twenty-eight counties wet. The general trend seems to be definitely toward the spread of dryness, thus opening new areas for the moonshiner. Retail sales are still referred to as "bootlegging" and cannot be treated here. (Retail prices, incidentally, vary widely from time to time and place to place, with a norm of about $1.25 to $1.50 a pint.) A subphase of the business, running tax-paid —i.e. legal—whiskey into dry territories, will not be discussed.

PERSONNEL: In general, personnel falls into simple categories: "big men," who back, but seldom openly affiliate themselves with, distilling enterprises; "distillers," who have a near-monopoly on know-how; "still-hands," who operate plants under the direction of the distillers; and miscellaneous employees such as lookouts, guards, and woodchoppers. "Transporters" handle distribution problems, no matter how complex.

The "big men" are often local citizens of substance, conservative farmers, or legitimate businessmen. They pay attorneys' fees and fines incurred in the course of duty by their employees. Staunch paternalists, they also provide for the families of employees who find it necessary to make a stay at one of the resorts favored by the industry: Atlanta, Georgia; Leavenworth, Kansas; Ashland, Kentucky; and other spots. During periods of retreat in these places still-hands exchange technological information, which makes for strong industry-wide rapport.

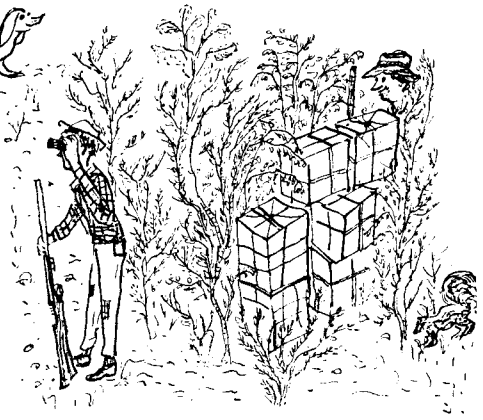


The distillers are a cross between working foremen and plant managers, who draw from thirty dollars a day upward and have in their custody the technology of the entire business. Some work on a progressive-incentive basis, taking a percentage of production instead of straight pay; this reduces natural temptations to siphon off capital assets.

The still-hands, of which there are from one to five at each production site, are carefully selected for their reliability in alcoholic matters. They run the still. In pot-still operations, they are largely shovel-and-bucket men employing a maximum of folklore and a minimum of technology. On steam-still operations, they must be familiar with mechanized equipment and adept at assembling poplar vats, as well as at installing and operating kerosene burners, or gasoline and electric pumps. The latter technicians are the vanguard of mass production, although they look like leisurely, tobacco-chewing, overall-clad gentry. They draw up to thirty dollars a day, with the understanding that they accept all Federal sentences without implicating their backer. This they usually do, unless they wish to be blacklisted with a .38 revolver.

So far the problem of unionism has not arisen. However, very strong group-loyalties exist, principally to blood and kin. The industry picks its men on a family basis—a policy, it is generally believed, which tightens up internal as well as external security. Security is heightened by the employment of two types of industrial police —lookouts and guards. The former give the alarm when strangers approach, usually by firing carefully spaced shotgun blasts, while the latter put up a fight, or are supposed to. Some outfits employ either or both types; others get by nicely with neither. In addition, every man is at all times his own policeman, with his own armament.

The concept of personnel work is not very well developed, except in so



far as occasionally the stiller may advise employees on affairs of honor and matters of ballistics. Industrial accidents take a significant toll; these include scalding from steam when stills are charged; abrasions and mutilations from boiler explosions; stupefaction from the release of carbon-dioxide gas; burns from falling into the vats or the fire; and accidental or intentional mayhem resulting from the inadvertent or deliberate discharge of firearms. Some employees develop a habit of sampling the product for quality, which often results in their losing several days from work, going blind, or suffering internal perforations.

Despite these hazards, there is no evidence of safety programs. Indus-

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trial sanitation, too, is under-developed—perhaps understandably so, in view of the transient nature of many production units. Men have been observed working calf-deep in maggot-infested stillage on the mash-floor. Field men have also seen both stock and wild game deteriorating in fermenter-vats. These conditions are accepted jocularly throughout the industry.

MANUFACTURING EQUIPMENT: The moonshiner's equipment can be made in any tin shop. In shape and size it may vary from the small coffin-shaped copper still, designed to fit over a two-burner kerosene kitchen stove, to a gigantic steam-still built of silo-staves, designed to handle the output of fermenters with a five-thousand-gallon mashing capacity.

From a practical point of view, all moonshine stills, regardless of construction, fall into two types, each based on the principle that alcohol vaporizes at a lower temperature than water does. The pot still, which is common in the more mountainous areas within the moonshine belt, is a simple copper pot, closed except for an opening in the top, which usually assumes the form of a truncated cone. Pot stills vary widely from tiny specimens for kitchen use to the large thousand-gallon ones used along the Tennessee border. Most pot stills have a capacity of 150 gallons or less.

The copper pot is set in masonry, beside a reliable water supply such as a spring or mountain brook; beneath it is a heavy iron plate, so that the wood fire does not come into direct contact with the copper bottom. Out of the "collar," or opening at the top, comes a heavy copper "connection," which leads to a "thump keg," which is set on a low platform between the pot and the "flake stand," which consists of a container (such as a metal drum or wooden trough) for cold water, within which a coiled copper tube serves as a condenser for the alcohol vapor. Copper pot, thump keg, and condenser—this is the trinity the mountain stillers swear by. Fermenters, barrels, or vats are always auxiliary equipment.

The manufacturing process is as simple as the equipment. First the mash is made of meal and water, sugar and water, or a mixture of meal and sugar with water. This mixture (say a peck of meal and fifty pounds of sugar to a barrel of water) is set to ferment in the barrels or vats. Some stillers buy commercial brewers' yeast to start fermentation; some prefer wild yeast found where a shorthorn bull calf has urinated in the snow on the south slope of a mountain during the dark of the moon; others set out their mash, which is then inoculated with wild yeast spores by every breeze.

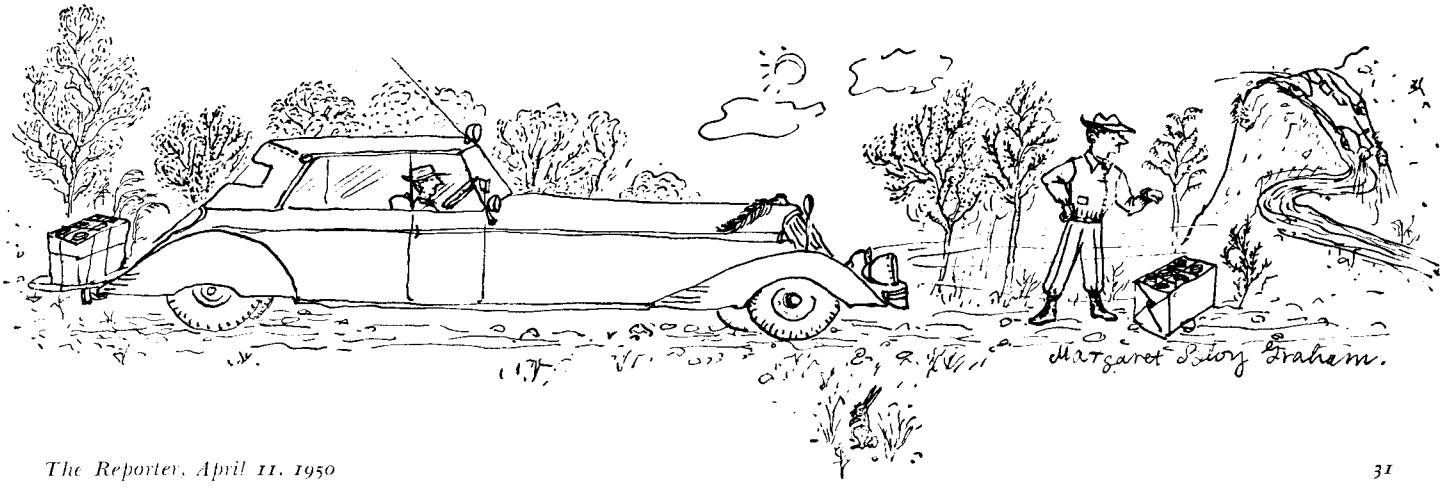
After three to five days, the moonshiner has several barrels full of "still-beer"—that is, mash which has fermented enough so that the acid inhibits further yeast growth. The starch in the meal has been converted to sugar (the meal gives the mixture a flavor reminiscent of old-time corn whiskey) and the sugar has become alcohol and carbon dioxide. In the barrels the meal has risen to form a "cap," which has in turn broken up and settled to the bottom, leaving a gray-brown fluid containing approximately eight per cent of alcohol by volume, or perhaps a little more. The barrels are set in cycles, so that each tier of barrels will produce approximately enough still-beer for a day's run once the still is started.

The copper still-pot is charged with, say, a hundred gallons of beer; this leaves ample room for the steam generated by boiling the beer in a 150-gallon still. Then a fire is built of ash or chestnut. These woods are preferred because they produce very little smoke.

As the beer boils, the vapor rises through the collar into the connections to the thump keg, where the collecting vapor, very hot by this time, re-distills itself and proceeds under pressure to the condenser. The thump keg is so called because of the *put-put-put* noise it makes in the process, where it serves as a crude dephlegmator. Once the vapor passes through the thump keg, it proceeds through the cold copper coils immersed in water, where it condenses into liquid and emerges from the cock at the bottom of the flake stand as "first shots" or "foreshots," and eventually as whiskey. By this time, more than two thousand Federal statutes and regulations have been violated.

The steam still is found only outside the mountain area of the moonshine belt. It consists of a large boiler which produces steam under high pressure, and a large wooden silo-like cylinder full of mash, into which live steam is piped to cause vaporization. From this point on, steam stills resemble pot stills in that they send the distillate to the thump keg and thence to the condenser. Steam stills can run as fast and as long as the fermenters can feed them, and many regularly produce around two hundred gallons of whiskey per working day. Night work is frowned upon, except when the still is located in an abandoned coal mine or other protected spot where nocturnal fires will not attract attention.

Steady production schedules have never been worked out, even for steam-still plants, despite the efforts of moonshiners who have mastered the routine of legitimate distilleries. Production goes on sporadically in what are known



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as "run-offs," during which fermented beer is distilled as rapidly as possible during three- or five-day cycles, emptied vats being meanwhile cleaned and reset with mash calculated to ferment by the time it is needed. Each still runs at peak capacity until it is moved or interfered with by Internal Revenue men. Moving poses not only logistic problems but specialized architectural ones, for the industry follows undeviatingly Frank Lloyd Wright's dictum that buildings should blend into the surrounding terrain. But this is sometimes a disadvantage, in that production personnel frequently feel totally withdrawn from the outside world and develop anchoritism.

TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION: Once moonshine emerges from the flake-stand cock, it is treated as contraband, and referred to as untaxpaid whiskey. The whiskey is "temped" in a bottle and cut until it holds a perfect bead—which means a hundred proof or very close thereto. It is then considered ready for consumption; further aging is scorned. From the "catch can" at the base of the flake stand, it is "poured up" into soft-drink jugs or, more commonly, half-gallon Mason jars, which are packed in cardboard cartons and carried by hand to the nearest transportation point, or to a "stash," if the whiskey is to be stored. This portage may be a hundred yards or several miles.

At this point the traffic and transportation departments take over. The industry has an estimated hundred thousand cars and trucks, a large percentage of the former being souped up for very high speeds on hilly roads. About two hundred thousand additional personnel are employed in transportation, at an average of approximately two dollars per transport mile. Their equipment, unlike that of the production units, is not all clear and paid for. Much of it is mortgaged heavily to finance companies, and a careful examination of registration certificates indicates that ownership of the cars and trucks used in the industry is widely distributed among orphans, juveniles, deceased persons, and individuals whose names are completely illegible. Equipment is generally recognized as almost completely expendable throughout this end of the industry.

Most transporters favor late-model Mercuries, Buicks, or Oldsmobiles, with superchargers, twin exhausts, gear-ratio changes, auxiliary fuel-pumps, oversize cylinders, and other mechanical changes, as well as foxtails on radiator caps and elaborate multiple rear-vision mirrors. These cars are admirably equipped for outrunning, or for "racing" with, the law. In a "race" each driver tries to shoulder the other off the road into the woods or over an embankment.

Traffic and transportation men are a different breed from production personnel. They are young men who, unlike the rather easy-going producers, work, live, and often die, fast. Although most of them come from farms or small towns, they live strictly by the machine. They are addicted to power and speed. While their function is to flee rather than to fight, when cornered they are adept at outmaneuvering other drivers. In dress they lean toward soft hats, gabardine shirts, expensive leather jackets, creased slacks, and sometimes flight-boots.

The distribution system of the independent liquor industry is quiet, fast, discreet, and reliable. Traffic is skillfully routed over variable routes so as to maintain anonymity, and to avoid undue wear and tear on what are known as "hot" roads—that is, roads where motorized government interference may impede distribution. The drivers are adept at all sorts of road strategy, from "racing" to locking the brakes at fifty miles an hour and making a 360-degree turn in a shower of

gravel. They make large-scale transfers in minimal time at pre-appointed loading-points on a precision timetable. Orders are placed verbally and bills of lading delivered likewise; payment is made in rolls of bills which may be hastily counted in the glow of a tail light or not counted at all—at least not at the time.

The product—in lots of a hundred gallons or more—is hauled either in a car's trunk or a back seat specially prepared to take five-gallon metal cans or cases of glass jars. A few ingenious transporters rig up racks under the hood or conceal "stashes" under the car, but this is rare. Usually the transporter depends almost entirely on speed, timing, and originality in routing to protect him in his work. He is also highly adept in the use of his multiple rear-vision mirrors, even when traveling ninety miles an hour on poor mountain roads.

Though most independent distillers loathe taxes with holy fervor, some maintain that taxes are a good thing—on legal liquor, that is. They argue that Federal taxes give the independents a sort of protective tariff of more than ten dollars per gallon under which to operate. Others reject this argument as smacking of state paternalism, and insist that all legal liquor is against the public weal.

Distillers of the moonshine belt are unanimous on perhaps only one point: All of them enthusiastically endorse Prohibition.

D. W. MAURER and QUINN PEARL

America's Two Liquor Industries

	Legal	*Illegal*[1]
Production:	211,165,743 gallons[2]	434,471,475 gallons[3]
Employment:	800,000[2]	306,084[4]
Number of Firms:	267[2]	102,028[5]
Federal Excise Revenue Paid in 1949:	$1,454,270,985	$0

[1] Except for the first and the last figures, which are based on government statistics, the entries in this column belong in part to the realm of moonshine.

[2] Source: Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc. (Distilled spirits only; does not include beer or wine.)

[3] This figure was arrived at by guessing the potential production capacity and dividing by two.

[4] Technical personnel only; does not include peripheral and seasonal employees.

[5] Estimated independent production units in approximately fourteen states.

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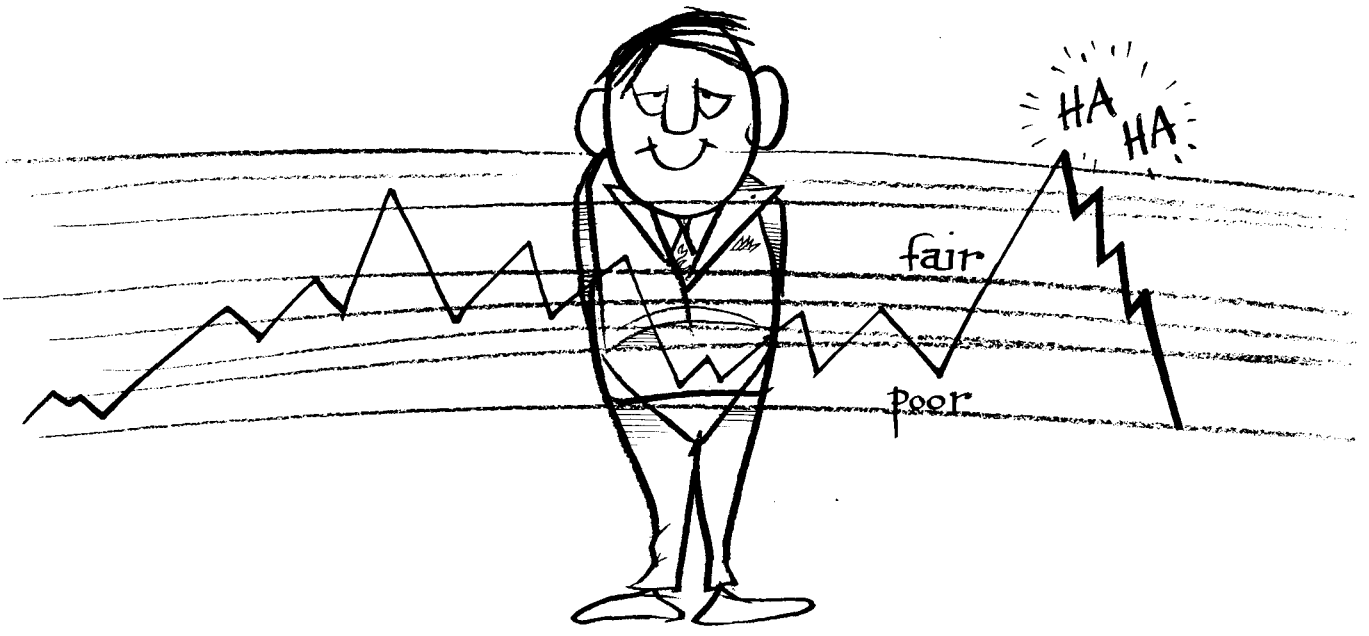

'Little Annie' and the Fast Buck

In the meetings of certain primitive tribes, it is said, the chiefs determine the prevailing mood by listening to the approving or disapproving clamor of drums played by the elders. Today in the United States, the drums have given way to I.B.M. machines, flashing control panels of electronic calculators, and small armies of Ph.D.'s who practice the art of public-opinion measurement. The annual business done by opinion and market research in this country is now estimated at thirty million dollars. Just how many commercial-opinion-poll establishments share this business is unknown—the statistical business has a remarkable shortage of statistics about itself. Everybody knows, of course, about the big independent pollsters like George Gallup and Elmo Roper. In addition, probably thirty per cent of the larger corporations, and nearly all advertising agencies, maintain opinion-research staffs.

Although opinion polling as a science is comparatively new, the mathematical process of sampling upon which it is based is not.

In the 1920's, after being successfully applied in many other fields, the sampling method was applied to the mass behavior of the human mind. Now polling organizations by the score sample, rate, and predict public reaction toward chewing gum, toothpaste, refrigerators, toilet tissues, and ideas. So far has the science now advanced that the National Association of Manufacturers can hand a draft of an adult "comic" book dramatizing the American Way of Life over to a polling organization and be told, to the last decimal point, what its "depth penetration" into the public mind will be. The drawings can then be altered—perhaps a more kindly portrayal of the manufacturer here, a touch of a leer on a labor organizer's face there—until the charts show that the public brain has reached the saturation point.

Few leaders of industry undertake public-relations campaigns without consulting the pollsters. "UNDERSTAND RIVALRY AND YOU UNDERSTAND AMERICA!" proclaims a nationwide "Americanism" ad of the Petroleum Institute of America. The ad, of course, was sent off to be tested. The result (as reported by the Psychological Corporation, one of the largest U. S. market-research organizations): *"Readability; easy. 5th grade. Like pulp fiction. Potential audience, 86 per cent of U.S. adults."* Of another series of "American Way" ads a Psychological Corporation report startlingly revealed: "The N.A.M. campaign is intended to convince people that companies earn less than seven cents per sales dollar instead of fifteen cents or more, as most believe now. Our impact tests showed that after reading the ads, more people believe that fifteen cents is the correct figure."

In the artistic world of radio, television, movies, and even books, the pollsters work quietly, but on a massive

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scale. In radio, the people's voice is represented by half a dozen polling organizations, which launch statistical inquiries into the people's listening habits, and rate competing programs accordingly. In the luxurious advertising offices along Madison Avenue, the pollster's word on what programs the people prefer is law.

Until very recently, few advertising executives dared stir abroad without a small green booklet known as the *Hooperatings Pocket Piece* about their persons. Over a period of a dozen years, this charmed inventory, issued by C. E. Hooper, Inc., a polling organization, became widely revered as the bible of radio. The Hooper rating reduced to an aggregation of digits and decimal points the size of each network program's invisible audience. Its influence was enormous. An acquaintance of mine, having been advised to listen on his radio to a new chamber-music group, once mentioned the program to a network executive he met at a cocktail party. "I hear it's pretty good," my friend remarked. The network chief whipped out his handy rating booklet and began riffling the pages. "Well, fair," he said with a frown when he found the right entry. "Just fair."

C. E. Hooper has just sold out the bulk of his business to his arch-rival of many years, A. C. Nielsen. The two, like most of their colleagues, had been denouncing each other in colorful terms for a long time. Hooper, who snooped upon the nation's listening habits by telephone, claimed that his system was "the most democratic damn thing in America." Nielsen, the victor, retorts that *his* system is the most democratic damn thing in America. Nielsen interviews the people electromechanically with a device called the Audimeter. Wired to sample radios in homes throughout the country, the Audimeter automatically records on tape every turn of the radio dial to which it is connected. Roaming abroad in precise formation, Nielsen agents enter representative homes, connect their Audimeters to all radios within reach, and retire to headquarters while the machines record the sample listeners' choice of programs. Having observed its hosts' taste for a sufficient period, the Audimeter ejects two quarters with a tinkle of thanks and the request that the recording tape be mailed to Nielsen GHQ for tabulation.

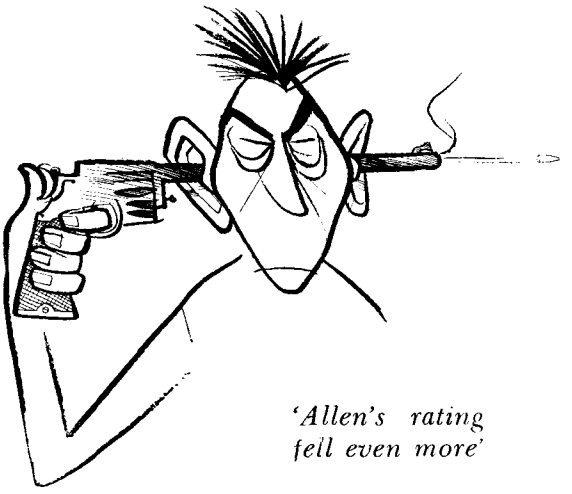
Some idea of the stakes involved in the poll business may be gleaned from the fact that by 1951 Nielsen will have invested seven million dollars in his Audimeter system alone—a figure that doesn't include the six hundred thousand dollars or so which he paid to put Hooper out of the national-rating business. By 1951, Nielsen says, he will have installed gigantic electronic computers, with three thousand tubes, to register the people's opinions with the speed of light and compute their mercantile applications at the rate of twenty thousand multiplications or divisions per second and two hundred thousand additions or subtractions per second.

Nielsen explains the cultural need thus: "The sponsor, faced with the dire necessity of selling more goods per dollar expended, says: 'An increase from eighty to eighty-eight is a gain of ten per cent. And since my program costs one million dollars a year, that's like finding a cool hundred thousand.'

"This 'financial viewpoint'—this realization that sound audience-research figures are not dry statistics but may be converted directly into cold, hard dollars—is one of the outstanding trends today."

In the past, Nielsen's machines and Hooper's telephone calls frequently rendered quite different estimates as to what share of the radio audience was being captured by which artists. An advertiser impelled to give his radio comedian a handsome bonus on the basis of Nielsen ratings might be simultaneously constrained to fire him on the basis of Hooper's findings. Many advertising executives resolved this cantankerous problem by buying both services and displaying whichever chart gave their programs the higher rating.

Although the main power in radio research has now been transferred from Hooper to Nielsen, the worship accorded ratings in the radio business remains at a fervent pitch. All bow low to the democratic totem. "If you find your rating wavering," remarked one



'Allen's rating fell even more'

celebrated network director, "for up to five thousand dollars you can throw in a guest star. That usually jacks your rating up five points. A grand a point. Cheap at the price."

Networks and agencies write audience-rating clauses into artists' contracts. CBS, for example, is reported to have a contract with the American Tobacco Company under which the network must pay a forfeit if Jack Benny's audience rating falls below the level established by that comedian on NBC. For each audience-rating point lost, the network is penalized three thousand dollars.

Under such circumstances, the fortnightly appearance of a new rating chart is naturally a matter of gravest significance around Radio City. Vice-presidents wade up and down through the thick carpets, quoting ratings like shares of General Motors. The slightest decline, and a troupe of artists may be curtly expelled from the studios. A steady lag, and an advertising account worth millions of dollars may be transferred to another agency.

Some radio artists do not take kindly to the rating system. Fred Allen, whose rating once dipped violently under the competing influence of an adjacent give-away show, remarked that the radio pollsters "could count the bottom of a bird cage and tell you how many grains of sand there are in the Sahara desert." He went on to imply that ratings were not the best test of an actor's artistic worth. The remark, of course, was coolly received by the top echelons in the radio business. Allen's rating fell even more.

Despite the dominance of the Nielsen ratings, the networks themselves

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maintain their own private bureaus, and a remarkable variety of snooping machines, to pretest audience reactions to their programs.

CBS, for example, uses the Lazarsfeld-Stanton Program Analyzer, a mass of wires, pointers, and capillary pens colloquially known, in its two versions, as "Little Annie" and "Big Annie." Little Annie pretests the reactions of groups of ten to fifteen people; Big Annie takes on seventy-five to one hundred.

A group delivering itself into the arms of Little Annie sits cozily around a table and registers reactions to a program by pushing colored buttons, green for approval and red for disapproval. The buttons are wired into a nearby studio where each flicker of like or dislike is recorded on moving tapes by capillary pens.

Over five hundred CBS shows have been pretested in this way, and a considerable number of artists liquidated as a result. One program stuffed into the maw of Little Annie was a quiz show. CBS had already determined a splendid formula of what it called "listener gratifications" for this kind of program: "Self testing, fifty-five per cent; humor, forty-five per cent; prizes, forty-two per cent; information, thirty per cent; human interest, fourteen per cent; and contest, ten per cent."

The quiz program being pretested, CBS found, fell short of this ideal recipe. "The high spots of the graph coincided with the quiz, the low spots with the quizmaster's gags," recalled a CBS official of the outcome. "That showed us that people didn't want a quizmaster turned comedian. We fired the quizmaster."

Little Annie's guests are supposed to represent a cross section of the population. Actually most of them are drawn from studio audiences. When I dropped in at CBS's psychological laboratories recently to observe Little Annie at work, the audience consisted of ten people, most of them middle-aged and quite well dressed. These, it was explained to me, were only part of the total group to be tested—some seventy-five people in all. The program was a drama.

The lights were lowered, a record of the show was started on a phonograph, and the executive retired to the next room to observe the reactions of Little Annie. As the show progressed, needles on the machine began to click, furiously registering approval here, disapproval there.

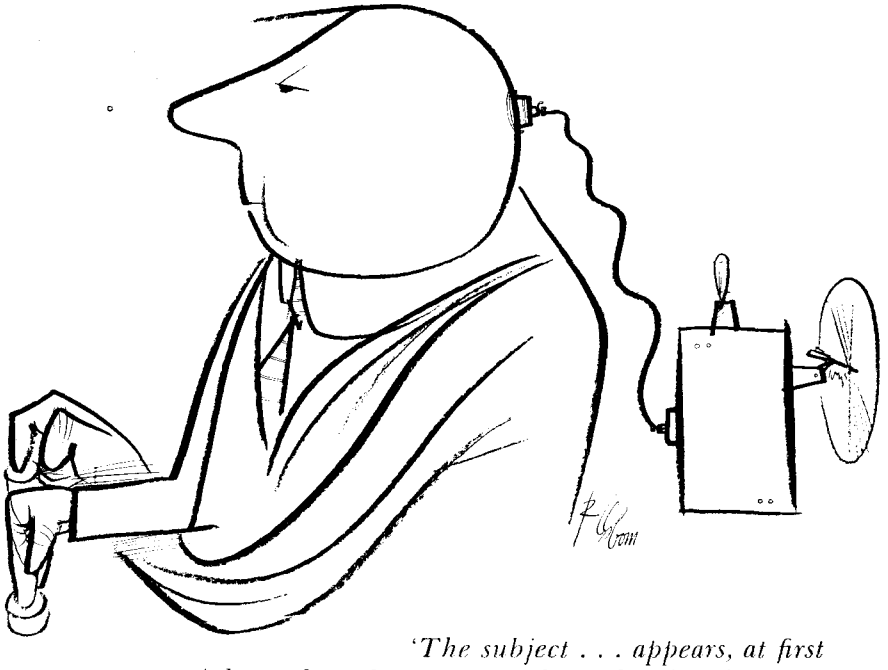
"Number Four doesn't like the narrator," said the executive, scribbling frenziedly. "Number Eight's wavering." The needles clicked on. "Number Seven likes the heroine," said the executive. "But watch Number Four! See that needle? Number Four just can't stand the narrator."

Ten more minutes and Little Annie had registered by capillary pen an emphatic line of hatred for the narrator by Number Four. After the program ended the audience was given cigarettes ("to put them at ease") and invited to indulge in what a CBS booklet calls "oral articulation." This consisted of answering such questions as: "Number Three, how did you like the show? Did you think it was okay?" Most of the people thought that it wasn't.

Just as the people were about to be thanked and sent their ways (the remaining cigarettes were already locked up in a drawer) the CBS psychologist asked, "How did you like the narrator, Number Four?" Number Four turned out to be a middle-aged lady with a high-pitched voice and a large hat. "Oh," said Number Four, "I liked him fine." She had evidently been pressing the wrong button. I don't know what happened to the narrator, but the damning evidence lay remorselessly entrenched somewhere in Little Annie's intricate intestines. I subsequently calculated that if CBS's statistical universe consisted only of the ninety-nine million people it claims listen to its network every week, Number Four had inadvertently brought down upon the narrator's head the curse of 1,320,000 of them.

Aside from the over-all reaction-testing machines, there are a number of specialty devices, ranging all the way from the Ernest Walker Gag Meter, for comedians' jokes, to the Psycho-Galvanometer, for commercials. The Gag Meter supplies a mathematically-expressed index to the amount of laughter evoked by a joke or witticism. The Psycho-Galvanometer enables advertisers to judge the effectiveness of their commercials by the degree to which they make their listeners sweat.

The subject undergoing the Psycho-Galvanometer test appears, at first sight, to have been prepared for the electric chair. Attached to his forearm and palm are electrodes with wires running to a maze of tapes and needles. The commercial is then shouted at him over powerful loudspeakers, and the listener sweats. The sweat alters the electrical resistance of his skin, which perks up the Galvanometer. The varying amounts of sweat that the wired-up subject ex-



'The subject . . . appears, at first sight, to have been prepared for the electric chair'

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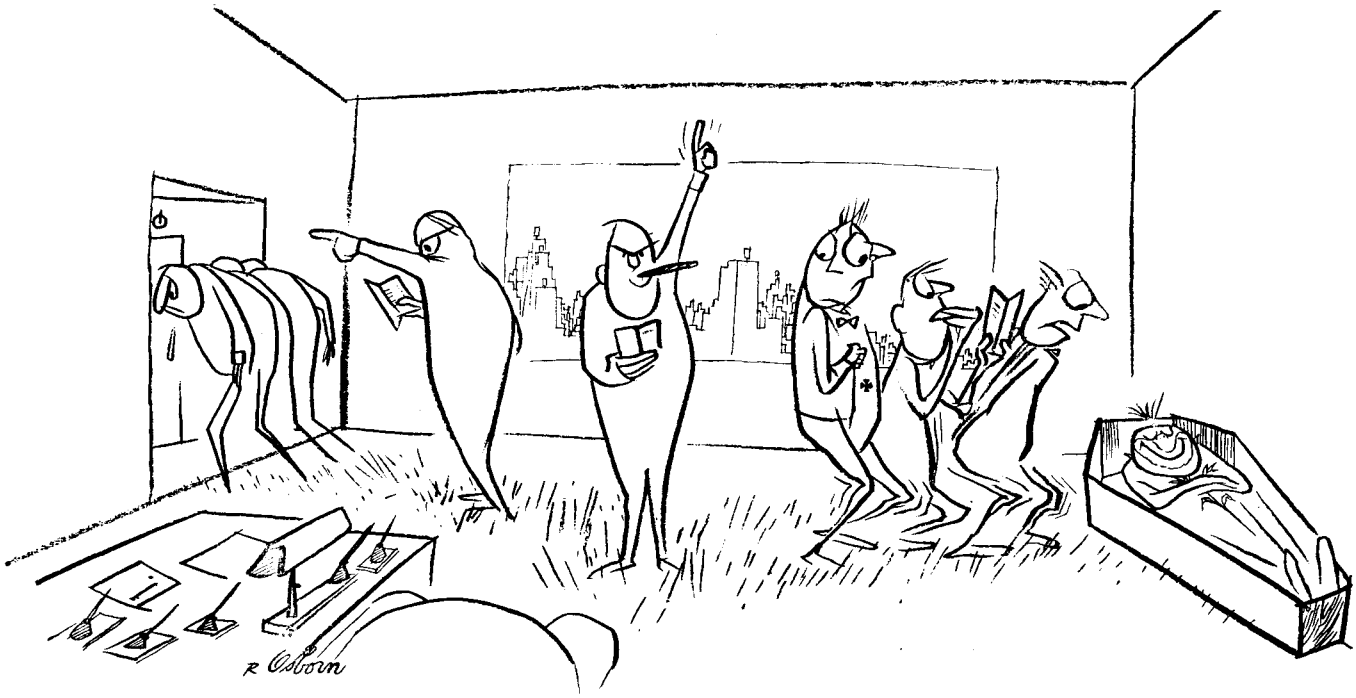

'Vice-presidents wade up and down through the thick carpets . . .'

udes during the commercial are recorded on the moving tape. The more sweat, the more effective the commercial. This is called the "arousal method." Singing commercials are said to cause wonderfully sweaty arousals. A remarkable instance of the value of the arousal test has been reported by the advertising firm of Gilliland, Ranseen, Wesley and Ragan. One woman, during lengthy questioning, had expressed a low opinion of Gene Autry, a horseman heavily subsidized by the William Wrigley, Jr. Company. She was then wired and exposed to a recorded Autry program. The lady was said to have perspired profusely, and finally to have cried: "Gene Autry can sell me anything!"

"Had this woman been on a panel of any research study which did not use an electronic recorder of emotional response," the agency reported, "she would have been reported a nonlistener to Autry."

Television, as might be expected, gets a full quota of attention from the pollsters, and one of the corporate arms of the Gallup organization, Audience Research Institute, Inc., specializes in it. Some time ago, I was fortunate enough to observe the results of an A.R.I. experiment. A Gallup official brought out a large sheet of paper on which a stretch of programs had been compressed into an "attitude graph," and began tracing the progress of the evening.

First came a newsreel, which showed as a series of dips and peaks varying from "good," for a picture of a gas explosion, to "neutral," for a singing commercial. A movie featuring Rudy Vallee and a number of hunting dogs followed. Upon the appearance of the hounds, the graph soared; on the presentation of Mr. Vallee, it sank.

The program ended with a movie short of the American flag, while the accompanying orchestra played *The Star Spangled Banner*. The reaction of Gallup's typical Americans to their national emblem varied from "neutral" to "good."

Gallup's Audience Research Institute comes into its own in the motion-picture field. As other market researchers rate brand preferences in canned soups, so the Institute rates preferences in canned daydreams. It does not merely pretest finished films. It submits them to the public at every stage of their development, from little more than a glazed look in a producer's eye to a boiler-plate ad for the finished movie. Roughly, the process works as follows:

A producer is given an idea for a movie. He turns it over to A.R.I., whose Ph.D's summarize it in sixty words on "subject-matter test" cards. These are submitted for approval or disapproval to a cross section of the people, and the idea is rated accordingly. On the basis of the subject-matter rating, according to A.R.I., producers can then decide "whether to purchase the property, or where to assign the idea."

Titles are tested in the same way. Then comes the problem of the stars for the movie, and for this Gallup's men run an "audit of marquee values." In one case, for example, a producer couldn't make up his mind whether to co-star Dana Andrews with June Allyson or Betty Grable.

"In the first cast," said a Gallup official, "we found that Dana Andrews came up with a marquee rating of twenty-nine for men and forty-one for women. Total rating of thirty-five. Allyson's total rating was thirty-four. In the second cast, Grable had an actually lower total rating than Allyson —only thirty-three. But they chose Grable. Why? Our sex breakdown showed Grable rated thirty-six with men, which was higher than Allyson's man rating. The Grable-Andrews combination showed a better balance of appeal between the sexes."

Before the film is released, it undergoes an A.R.I. "audience profile test" on a gadget called the Hopkins Televoter. A small theatre is filled with three hundred or more people scien-

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tifically selected by Gallup's agents. As the film is shown, the people record their reactions by twisting individual dials marked from "poor" to "good." Every tear, every sigh is reported backstage by the Hopkins Televoter in the form of a composite graph. The level of the graph dictates additional cutting or perhaps additional shooting. In the case of a movie called "Gilda," for example, the Televoter indicated that people weren't sure at one point of the film whether a certain character was alive or not. As a result, a sea-rescue scene was inserted, and, an A.R.I. official told me, "the graph picked up beautifully and leveled right off."

The "Gilda" graph had previously been displayed to me by another Gallup man. The thing was yards long. As it unrolled before my eyes I noticed that at about the halfway mark the graph suddenly dipped violently into the category of "poor." I asked the reason. The Gallup man looked puzzled. "I don't recall, exactly," he murmured, "but it certainly looks bad. I'll look it up." He went to a file cabinet, shuffled through some papers, then came back. "Nothing much," he reported briefly. "The film was burning in the projector gate."

Before computing their sample, A.R.I. statisticians carefully subtract from the population the blind or deaf (four hundred thousand), institutionalized criminals, the insane, and sick (one million), the aged and infirm (four million), and children under twelve (29,400,000). Mathematically, that should leave approximately 112 million Americans, but the movie audience sampled by Gallup actually amounts to only sixty-five million people, leaving a residue of forty-seven million disfranchised cultural DP's.

The reason for this is that Gallup questions only those who say they have been to a movie in the last three weeks (a universe of sixty-five million). Movie admissions bought by people under thirty amount to sixty-one per cent of the total: At thirty the moviegoer, like the combat pilot, is considered old. Since these statistics govern Gallup's choice, his universe is peopled primarily by the young. Thus is muted not only the criticism of the forty-seven million who find enough fault with the movies not to see them regularly, but also the voice of maturity.

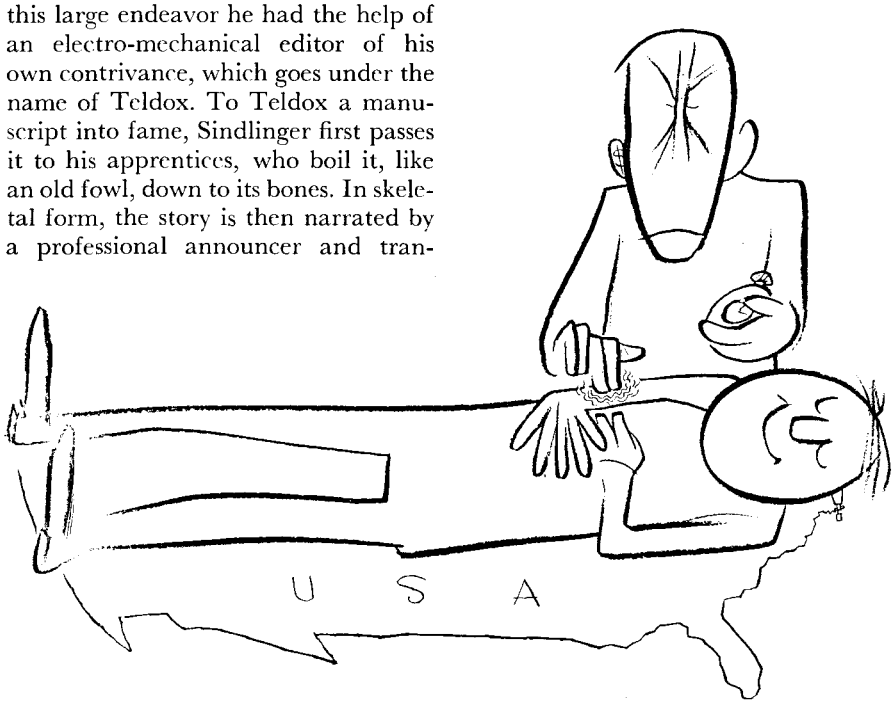
When questioned about these remarkable refinements, comparable to a political election in which only those who like the Administration may vote, A.R.I. officials point out that Gallup has constantly urged the movie industry to widen its audience. I asked an A.R.I official why Gallup didn't widen *his* audience. "Frankly, it's too expensive," he replied.

No peep into artistic research would be complete without a glance at the operations of a former Gallup executive named Albert E. Sindlinger. Shortly after Sindlinger left the Gallup organization a few years ago, he moved in on Broadway, with the backing of Walter E. Heller, the canny chieftain of a huge Chicago investment syndicate. Heller wished to invest money in Broadway plays, and Sindlinger undertook to tell him, by means of graphs showing audience reactions to recorded synopses of potential plays, which plays were likely to gross the most. "We pretested eighteen plays," recalls Sindlinger with satisfaction, "and rejected nine as bad investments. Of the other nine, eight were hits and one didn't go well but won a critics' award.

Having put Broadway on a graph, Sindlinger then repaired to his farm in Hopewell, New Jersey, to devise a suitable statistical formula for turning book manuscripts into best sellers. In this large endeavor he had the help of an electro-mechanical editor of his own contrivance, which goes under the name of Teldox. To Teldox a manuscript into fame, Sindlinger first passes it to his apprentices, who boil it, like an old fowl, down to its bones. In skeletal form, the story is then narrated by a professional announcer and transcribed onto an hour-long recording. Sindlinger assembles the omnipresent cross section of the population and plays the recorded synopsis. As the book's message soaks in, the audience (which has been fed a light snack) records its reactions, ranging from "superior" to "bad," on Teldox switches. The inevitable reaction graph is made up, and the author, or Sindlinger's laboratory assistants, begin the task of reshaping the book. Sindlinger accepts no set fee for his Teldox literary services, resting content with a percentage of the author's total royalties, ranging from ten to fifty per cent.

As an example of the literary miracles worked by Teldox, Sindlinger cites the case of Sterling North, who had written, in 1943, a children's book called *Midnight and Jeremiah,* which he later rewrote as *So Dear to My Heart.* North decided to submit the later manuscript to Teldox—or, as he put it in his book review column, to "the collective wisdom of the American people." Sindlinger says that North rewrote the end of the book as indicated by Teldox. "A humbling experience," reported North piously. The result, a screaming success, was made into a movie—a thoroughly pretested movie, of course.

For radio-audience research Sind-



'Sindlinger vows shortly to Radox the entire nation . . .'

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linger employs a device he has named Radox, which records the minute-by-minute listening or looking habits of his audience in relation to its buying and reading habits, car ownership, age, sex, and number of children. "Nielsen would go mad if he saw my machines!" Sindlinger says gleefully.

Given a short time in which to demonstrate his art, Sindlinger vows shortly to Radox the entire nation, by wire where telephone lines exist, and, where they do not, by radar and infrared ray. He plans also to pretest popular musical records. "I'm just trying to stimulate creative writing," he says.

In the era of art by I.B.M. card, opposition to the popular will as interpreted by Nielsen, Gallup, or Sindlinger is unthinkable. But the pollsters have a fairly narrow idea of the people, and it is difficult for some to be included—the old, for instance. In 1950 there will be some forty-two million people over the age of forty-five, with their own particular tastes in the popular arts. Yet, eager as they are to read and view, nobody makes movies, radio programs, or television programs for them. After forty-five, their purchasing power drops off; the I.B.M. machines sternly reject them. They are kept alive longer by medical scientists only to be condemned to cultural starvation by social scientists.

To the pollsters, every prospect pleases, in this neat sterile world where people are punched into holes on cards, sorted, integrated, amputated, and summarily ejected, slightly flattened perhaps, but all remarkably alike, all singing the same democratic tune. The pollsters' clients, too, are pleased. "Why they are pleased, I'm damned if I know," remarked one brave statistician. "Everybody is grabbing for the quick dollar, but he's missing a lot of business in the long run. Look at it this way. Suppose you are a restaurant manager, and you decide to take a poll of your customers' tastes, so that you can give them what they like best. Suppose then that your poll shows that ninety per cent of them like your French-fried potatoes best. So you cut out everything else, and reduce your menu to French-fried potatoes. How long do you think you'd keep customers? We could use some restaurant managers in this business."

—Thomas Whiteside

Reflections on The Little Magazine

Cyril Connolly

When Cyril Connolly announced that the brilliant and fastidious literary monthly, *Horizon,* would cease publication with the December number, his most decisive reason appeared to be the "temporary staleness of the editor." Editorial staleness is the best of all reasons for such a step. A literary magazine can have no other end than the editor's boredom, because it has no other beginning than the editor's excitement. But in Connolly's case the staleness itself had a deeper cause.

The purpose of *Horizon,* Connolly wrote, was "to print what many years hence will be recognized as alive and original," and thus to be, "in the best sense of the word, contemporary." The fact is, *Horizon* shut down because Connolly stopped wanting to be contemporary. He found himself hating the world he lives in—a world in which man is, he says, "betrayed by science, bereft of religion, deserted by the pleasant imaginings of humanism . . ." a world so void of hope that "every one who is now reading [the December issue] may in ten years' time, or even five, look back to this moment as the happiest in their lives . . ." And he ended his refusal to accept the universe with this chiming, melancholy announcement, "it is closing time in the gardens of the West."

There is no need to debate this not-uncommon point of view, which was probably shared by contemporaries of Thucydides. Those who know *Horizon* will be aware that what Connolly really is saying is that the world no longer wants literature and that he wants nothing else. He refuses to take sides in the war of ideologies.

Horizon commenced publication in the summer of 1939. It was the successor of T. S. Eliot's *The Criterion,* somewhat as the *Partisan Review* is the successor of Thayer and Watson's *Dial,* and Sartre's *Temps Modernes* is the successor of the Gide-Rivière-Paulhan *Nouvelle Revue Française.* But there is a difference which is more interesting than this loose analogy. Our *Dial* and the French *N.R.F.* were magazines of literature which were succeeded by two reviews whose editors were committed to a concern with social problems. *The Criterion,* which could not continue because Eliot found himself plagued with thoughts about society, was succeeded by a review whose editor loathed society with the intensity of a Baudelaire. It is instructive to contrast Connolly's sulks with Eliot's words in the final number of *The Criterion.*

"I have felt obscurely during the last eight years or so," Eliot wrote in 1939, ". . . the grave dangers to this country [Britain] which might result from the lack of any vital political philosophy, either explicit or implicit . . . I have wondered whether it would

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not have been more profitable, instead of trying to maintain literary standards increasingly repudiated in the modern world, to have endeavoured to rally intellectual effort to affirm those principles of life and policy from the lack of which we are suffering disastrous consequences. In the present state of public affairs—which has induced in myself a depression of spirits so different from any other experience of fifty years as to be a new emotion—I no longer feel the enthusiasm necessary to make a literary review what it should be."

Eliot was certainly taking the braver tack. Connolly seems to say childishly that if he can't publish literature he won't publish anything. And yet a lover of the humanities, though he be, like Eliot, one of those who are overwhelmed by the insistent hurly-burly of public affairs, will find himself applauding Connolly's instinct. What is profoundly touching in this business is that only the young in heart (most often, actually, the young in years) seem to have the passionate optimism, the generosity of spirit, to persist in holding the fort for works of the imagination, in refusing to let the poetic impulse "wither in the desert of drouth." Connolly threw in the towel because he was no longer young.

It was the physicist, Faraday, who, being asked what was the use of a new theorem, answered, "Madam, what is the use of a new-born child?" A literary magazine has its uses and is not a luxury article. It is as contemporary as the daily newspaper—except that instead of dealing with surface phenomena its writers are concerned with men's responses to those phenomena. We who are the general public read of events—war, revolution, ideological conflict, misery—and we go through our day's work filled with the doubts and beset with the vexations which are thus intruded upon us from outside; we are confused, uncertain; we cling to shreds of inherited faith and do not dare wonder what those intrusive agents of change are doing to our nature. The young poet or novelist differs from the rest of us in that he has the courage to ask, and the spiritual energy to dig down and report, what is being done to us.

It is only the literary magazines that furnish the proving grounds in which writing about the human spirit is tested. All writers of quality are first published in some Greenwich Village or Bloomsbury or Left-Bank quarter; and it is only when they have survived that test that we read them in the kind of magazines to be found on a club table or a newsstand. A nation that cannot find within itself citizens to support literary magazines is a nation whose civilization is threatened. It was Margaret Fuller's *Dial* of a hundred years ago, and not the land speculators, that carried civilization to the Ohio River Valley. It was Stone and Kimball's *Chap Book* of the 1890's that preserved Chicago from the fate of really being no more than "hog butcher to the world." A society's fidelity to its basic ideals requires to be challenged anew every day; and the striking challenges, those against which no society can shut its ears, are the challenges forthcoming from its men of letters. No amount of teaching of psychology, economics, and the other fashionable disciplines will breed free and civilized men except on a foundation of the humanities. This is not to say that men who read Fielding's novels and the comedies of Aristophanes are bound to hold infallible political views. "Education, intelligence, wealth," Lord Acton said, "are a security against certain faults of conduct, not against errors of policy." It is to say that society cannot be preserved against the kind of moral lapses which produce cruelty and persecution and degradation except by the action of men who read and think; and it is from their humanistic reading, not their professional reading, that men derive the principles which inspire social vigilance.

But if this—the impulse to maintain civilization—is the result of literature, it is not the cause of literature, which lies rather in a kind of coral zoophyte instinct; writers write, not because they "want" to write, but because they have to write, as zoophytes have to become coral or sponge. So much is, I think, generally acknowledged. What seems not to be settled in our day—and here we are back at the divergence between Connolly and the later Eliot—is whether or not men should write expressly to do good. To do so seems, offhand, very "bourgeois"; yet it is those who hate the bourgeoisie most who now proclaim this creed. Not to do so, on the other hand, may seem effete, the practice of an etiolated, *fin-de-siècle* romanticism. This appears to be an extreme view. I see no escape from Gide's dictum that "It is with fine sentiments that we make bad literature"; or, if you prefer a more profound observation, Goethe's, to the effect that while we may not demand of the artist that he create with a moral purpose, yet every work of art has a moral effect. No work of propaganda has that effect. Nobody ever disbelieved in slavery merely because he read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; on the other hand, thousands, probably, learned to hate the South (or the North) as the result of reading it.

Of course there is room in literature for the Milton of the *Areopagitica*; of course there is room for the exhortations of Tom Paine. But no man was ever stirred by them who had not previously been touched much more deeply by works that had nothing to do with the assertion of political principle; and whether the man so touched found the works for himself, or received them through a parent, a teacher, a priest is of little consequence—the ultimate source was humane letters.

Though the province of literature cannot be defined with precision, it is clear that it deals with all things, and that Terence's saw, *Homo sum*, etc., "I am a man; nothing human is outside my ken," is the unconscious precept of all men of letters. Some writings are literature *ex officio*, so to say—as the novel, the poem, the play. This is because they are works of the imagination which depend for their effect upon credibility and not verisimilitude. Others, not of the department of *belles lettres*, become literature by adoption; they are awarded a place in the literary canon because they are so high in style, and of a substance so infused with humanity, that they afford men delight as well as instruction. Nobody reads Gibbon as history, the *Confessions* of St. Augustine as homiletics, *Thus Spake Zarathustra* as philosophy: Whatever the shelf they stand on, their genius transcends their library classification; and the least we may say of them is that they belong in the domain of literature as certain objects of utility—Greek vases, Scythian buckles, tapestries woven to take the chill off rooms—belong in the domain of art. Where art is falsified, where literature is caricatured, is in the case where an art

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form is adopted, not as a mold in which to pour a revelation of man's spirit, but as a disguise beneath which men are urged to divide against one another. This is why we are bound to oppose those who urge writers to become "engaged" or involved in this or that doctrine—as men of letters. It goes without saying that they may with propriety step out of their roles as artists and write polemical works frankly identified as such. A writer is a citizen, a partisan, as much as the next man. But a poem which exalted Americans without exalting man would be as absurd as a mathematics which pretended to be strictly American.

A quick look through some fifteen American literary magazines does not indicate that our younger writers are "engaged." Dialectical exercises are frequent, but they deal with the purely literary subject of the "new criticism" rather than social doctrine. In this important field, though the original impulse came from England (Eliot, Richards, Empson), there seems to be more anti-impressionistic, disciplined, first-rate talent among us than in Europe. The younger poets and storytellers are free of the superficial ideological partisanship which the depression induced in their elders twenty years ago; and if they are not writing better short stories, they are writing more and better poetry than their elders produced. Two things in particular are to be remarked in these magazines. First, though New York is the publishing capital of the nation, it is by no means the center of creative effort. With few exceptions, the best of these magazines are produced in Tennessee, Ohio, Minnesota, and in upstate New York; others in Virginia, Iowa, New Mexico, and on the Pacific Coast. Secondly, the solidest and handsomest (a matter of finance) are produced at our "smaller" colleges. Harvard, Princeton, Chicago, Columbia are literary deserts in comparison with the University of the South (Tennessee), Kenyon College (Ohio), Carleton College (Minnesota), and others.

What is disappointing is that few vigorously edited magazines of this class are supported by the cultivated public, and that there has to be such dependence upon colleges whose finances these days must be increasingly insecure.

—Lewis Galantière

To Man's Measure . . .

General Marshall's Silence

Too many war memoirs, written by statesmen, generals, admirals, and civilians, have come into existence for reasons all too apparent in their pages: Their authors had their hour of importance; they want very much to have that hour remembered. Recording accomplishment, justifying failure, they return nostalgically to the period—already irrevocably remote—in which they gave orders and were obeyed.

Even when written by very important people, and not by their ghost writers or secretaries, the best of these books remain essentially similar to the unpublished diaries kept by men who never gave orders, but simply obeyed them—diaries written by privates in the armies, who fought where they were told to fight, by sailors borne over unknown seas to unpredictable engagements. The important people who wrote the books, the men who kept their simple diaries, have this in common: They knew, and now can tell, how things were done; they did not know, and cannot tell, the ultimate why of the things that were done.

The number of men who were at the center of policymaking throughout the war and whose testimony is necessary, if history is to carry out its task on this second and higher level, is extremely limited. President Roosevelt's memoirs must remain unwritten. Marshal Stalin's, perhaps, are encountering Soviet censorship difficulties; they are not available. General Eisenhower has made his most useful contribution, and, of course, there are the highly authoritative and valuable memoirs written by Henry L. Stimson (with McGeorge Bundy). Mr. Churchill has written his gallant books—but he is a special case.

Just as he was engaged in the war before the war started, so he is still involved in affairs after the war is ended. Mr. Churchill always sought power and never declined responsibility; now he nourishes his present from his past. His writing continues his political action. He is not retired; only death will retire him.

There is another man, another general, from whom one would expect to hear. His immense responsibilities during the war, his action as a statesman after the war, make him a witness most necessary to history. General Marshall refuses to speak.

"I long ago made up my mind that I was not going to write any memoirs," he has said. "To be of any historical importance, they have got to be very accurate. Now, if you put it all in, you may do irreparable harm. Inevitably the press reaction—the public reaction—devotes itself to the critical item, although it may be only one paragraph in the entire book. You almost ruin a man. But if you don't mention that, it is not history . . ."

This statement by General Marshall, with its extreme concern for others, is characteristic of the man to whom Mr. Stimson once said: "You have been brave, but not brutal: confident, but not arrogant; and you have welded the tremendous military potential of this country into a great fighting machine without having sacrificed the rights of the individual." But General Marshall's statement is also a refusal—almost unique in our times—to furnish material for history. The record is there, he implies; historians can look at the record. General Marshall's statement will not please the memoir writers.

What he has done is to remind us that the professional military man is, both by choice and profession, anonymous. But Marshall is more than a soldier. Although Marshall himself, because of his achievement, cannot hope to achieve anonymity, he has refused—and here his real stature emerges—to expose other men to the brutalities of public misunderstanding and recrimination.

—Gouverneur Paulding

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Walter Reuther—1949

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NEXT ISSUE

The Men Who Left Communism

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